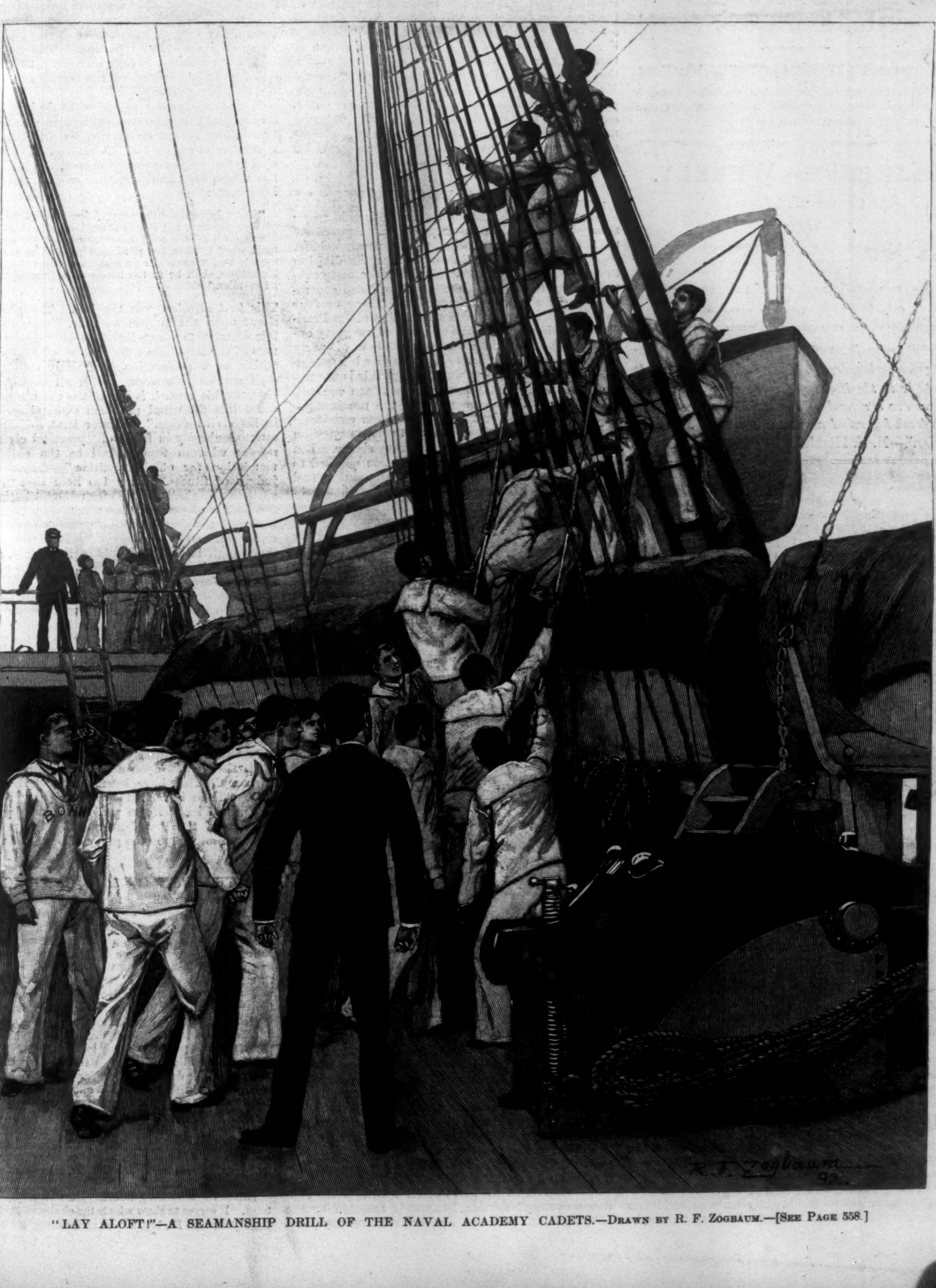
THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT MINNEAPOLIS. Illustrated by Thulstrup and Graham; and "THE HEART OF THE GREAT DIVIDE," by Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVI.—No. 1851.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1892.
TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

Copyright, 1892, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.



"LAY ALOFT!"—A SEAMANSHIP DRILL OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY CADETS.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 558.]

VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES.

AN EDELWEISS OF THE SIERRAS,
Golden-Rod, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

STORIES AND INTERLUDES.
By Barry Pain. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

VAN BIBBER AND OTHERS.
By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

A CAPILLARY CRIME,
And Other Stories. By F. D. Millet. Illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

TALES OF A TIME AND PLACE.
By Grace King. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(Twenty-Four Pages.)

PUBLISHED

New York, June 11, 1892.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

"*A bound volume of* Harper's Weekly *is the best existing illustrated history of the year. . . . It should be in the library of every man who wishes to preserve a record of the world's progress and to refresh his mind about the course of men and affairs.*"—N. Y. Herald.

AT SYRACUSE.

The protesting Democratic Convention at Syracuse appointed delegates to the National Convention and a State Committee. It also adopted the list of Democratic electors appointed by the regular Democratic Convention in February. It adopted, like the regular Convention, a platform of tariff reform and a sound currency. It cheered lustily for Mr. Cleveland, agreed to support any nomination made at Chicago, and instructed its delegation to act as a unit according to the will of the majority. But this would be a revolution *manqué* if the instruction were susceptible of the interpretation given to it by the *Tribune*, which assumes it to mean that the delegation is not to claim seats in the Convention if it thinks such a demand to be unwise. This, of course, would be ludicrous. A State Convention which calls itself the only real representative of the Democratic party in New York does not appoint delegates to the Democratic National Convention and then leave to the majority of the delegation to decide whether New York shall be represented in the National Convention. Such an understanding of the instruction implies that the delegation formally selected at Syracuse may decide to allow New York to be represented by what it has vehemently stigmatized as a fraudulent delegation which does not represent the party. Nothing could be more comical than such a conditional delegation.

The Democrats who met at Albany simultaneously with the regular Convention of their party and called another Convention were revolutionists or they were nothing. If they cannot succeed in reorganizing the party—making their State Committee the regular committee, and their machine the party machine—they are merely bolters and "soreheads." They assume this position in calling themselves the Democratic party of New York, but they show that they are not sure of themselves when they pledge themselves to support the candidates nominated at Chicago. This declaration is both superfluous and foolish, for if they who declare themselves to be the only true representatives of New York Democrats are not admitted to the National Convention, the nominations will be made without the participation of New York, and therefore cannot be binding upon the party in the State. Revolution is usually held to be the last and not the first resort. Change in the government of a party must be sought, like changes in other governments, through usual and lawful channels; and when in a party, as in a State, those channels are held to be hopelessly fraudulent, the attempt to supersede them by irregular action is justifiable, but it is revolution. Such a revolution, however, cannot compromise. It must succeed, or it is only abortive rebellion.

If the Syracuse delegation should appear at Chicago, and after surveying the field should decide only to protest against the action of the regular Convention, or if having demanded its seat as the sole rightful representative of the Democratic party of New York it should agree to share its representative character with a body which it has proclaimed to be fraudulent, the Syracuse delegation would seem to be a scene in *opéra bouffe*. But if, presenting itself as the Democratic party of New York, its claim should be denied, and it should then come home again vociferating its determination to support the nominations of a Convention which excluded the rightful representatives of New York, the spectacle would be farcical. The gentlemen who lead the revolution are serious and not unfamiliar with politics, and would not take a ridiculous part. It must be assumed, therefore, that the Syracuse delegation will demand as of right the seats of New York at the National Convention, and if refused, will accept no alternative but return to their party, which will have been denied representation in the national council of their party. Should Mr. Cleveland be nominated, they would, of course, gladly support him, but upon their own ground, it seems to us, they could hardly claim that his nomination would be binding upon a party in the State whose representatives, in their view, were excluded from the nominating Convention.

THE REPUBLICAN SITUATION.

As we write, the Republican situation is much more embittered than the Democratic. Apparently the Democratic Convention would nominate Mr. Cleveland by acclamation except for the division in New York. This practically limits the party controversy to one State. But the Republican controversy is as sharp as it is sudden. Three or four weeks ago there was no serious question of the President's nomination. There was, indeed, no party enthusiasm for him, and he had opponents in his party among those whose personal aims under his administration had been disappointed. But this is not unusual, and as Mr. Blaine, who, by common consent, might at any time have received the nomination, had distinctly withdrawn his name from consideration as a candidate, there seemed to be no question that the President would be the party choice. But a meeting of a few conspicuous leaders opposed to the President instantly changed the situation, and presented Mr. Blaine as the candidate. A timely visit of Mr. Blaine to New York, and interviews with him of the discontented leaders, gave opportunity to clever newspaper men, who filled the air with rumors and assertions and gossip, all pointing to his nomination. The President himself was interviewed, and unwisely spoke very sharply, although only by implication, of Mr. Platt, the acknowledged Republican chief in New York, and Mr. Platt retorted in a manner which shows plainly that his support of the President as a candidate would not be very ardent.

During his visit to the city, and upon his return to Washington, Mr. Blaine is not reported to have said anything upon the subject of the Presidential nomination, but his friends, who had declared that he was the certain, as he would be the conquering, candidate, emerged from his room with smiling faces, as if they had heard good news and were happy. Nothing, however, had really happened, except the noise of the vociferous chorus that Blaine would sweep the Convention to which he had said his name would not be presented; and as we write, nothing more has happened. In the event of Mr. Blaine's continued silence, it now seems as if his name would be presented to the Convention, and apparently not without his acquiescence. It is not impossible, however, that he may say again, as he said at the last moment in 1888, that his word must be taken seriously, and that when he says in effect that he will not be a candidate, he does not mean to be understood as declaring that he will be.

It is hardly possible under the circumstances that his name would now stampede the Convention. That he is the most popular of Republicans is undeniable, and that had his letter to Mr. Clarkson, instead of withdrawing his name, intimated that he would be a candidate, he would have been nominated with a shout. But it will be felt that his letter is inexplicable unless he meant what he said. And if he did mean it, there is no reason apparent why he should not mean it now. His assent to the nomination under the circumstances could not but injure his prestige with many Republicans, and would be necessarily a little ridiculous. His reputation for political sagacity would greatly suffer, and he would be in the position of a convenient instrument, a cat's-paw, of discontented Republicans to gratify their grudge against the President. The Republican Convention meets in no harmonious spirit, for the sudden movement for Mr. Blaine is resented by the friends of Mr. Harrison, not, as Mr. Platt says, that the President has any proprietary right in his office, but because had Mr. Blaine been a candidate the President would have stood aside. By the recognized usages of politics it may be said that Mr. Blaine had voluntarily engaged not to enter the lists.

THE SYRACUSE DEMOCRATS AND REFORMS.

Independent voters in New York have taken great interest in the action of what may be now called the Syracuse Democrats. As we have often said, these voters are generally, although not always, tariff reformers, and advocates of a sound currency, holding the doctrines upon that subject of which Mr. Sherman is the most able and distinguished expositor, although not always taking his view of the present silver-buying bill. They are also, without exception, friends of civil service reform, not as a "fad," nor a "gag" for votes, but as a reform quite as important as that of the tariff. They are independents because upon all these questions neither of the great parties occupies a satisfactory position. The independent vote, consequently, is cast according to the candidates and the promise of the actual situation, and not as a party vote.

It was interesting to see what declaration upon this subject would be made at Syracuse by a Convention whose *raison d'être* was Mr. Cleveland, who is personally a friend of this reform. The first allusion to the subject was in the speech of Mr. Kernan, the temporary chairman, who said of the Syracuse Democrats:

> "They demand not the prayerful and snivelling pretences of Wanamaker, but practical civil service reform, wherein fitness shall be the chief recommendation for official position; wherein offensive partisanship shall be cause for removal; and whereunder an administration, subject to these limitations, shall be in the hands of its friends, and not of its enemies."

This first allusion was the last. The platform is silent upon the subject, and Mr. Kernan's remark is a declaration which lacks the satisfactory definiteness of the Republican declaration of 1884 and 1888, which, as a declaration, is entirely satisfactory to civil service reformers. With all respect for Mr. Kernan, his remark is one of the meaningless platitudes like the usual platform demand for "reform in the civil service." Senator Hill and Mr. Platt are undoubtedly in favor of "practical civil service reform wherein fitness shall be the chief recommendation for official position"—they being the judges of fitness. They too hold that "offensive partisanship shall be cause for removal"—they being the judges of offensiveness; and they believe with rapture in practical civil service reform "whereunder an administration, subject to these limitations, shall be in the hands of its friends, and not of its enemies." These are not the words of a civil service reformer.

In view of the evident determination of the Democratic friends of Mr. Cleveland to concentrate, so far as they are able, the whole interest of the election of this year upon the question of tariff reform, and to let other reform take its chance, the question of general probabilities, as it may be called, becomes very interesting. Should Mr. Cleveland be nominated, our impression, as we have said, is that he will command the support of the independent vote. In a campaign of which tariff reform is the chief issue, tariff reformers who are also civil service reformers will naturally support a candidate who holds their views upon a tariff as well as upon the currency. They have learned that civil service reform will be advanced by either party not by the warmth of its platform professions, but by the convictions of the President, and by the pressure of public opinion upon the party of administration.

THE FUN OF THE CAMPAIGN.

It is very extraordinary to read the purely perfunctory remarks of politicians at such a time of political excitement as this. Mr. A. observes that Mr. W., if nominated, would sweep the country. This observation means nothing more than that Mr. A., for his own reasons, hopes that W. may be nominated. So Mr. B. is interviewed, and says that the strongest man for the nomination is Mr. X.; nothing could withstand him. But he adds that it is only a question of the size of the majority, because any candidate whom the Convention may name will be elected.

This remark means nothing except that B. belongs to X.'s party, and it is part of the play to say that X.'s party's candidate, whoever he may be, will be elected. Mr. C. announces that the people demand Y. as their candidate, although the politicians want somebody else, and Mr. D. interrupts him to remark that the people want somebody else than Y., and that this is the people's year as against the politicians'. Mr. E., on his way to Minneapolis, says that Mr. Blaine will be nominated on the first ballot. Mr. F., bound to the same bourne, with the same enthusiastic certainty, assures the interviewer that on the first ballot Mr. Harrison will be triumphantly renominated.

This is the interesting information with which the papers teem. It serves to show who is the choice of Messrs. A., B., C., D., E., and F., but it has an amusing air of showing something more, which it does not. It is part of the quadrennial fun, for a Presidential election is very like what the boys call a "jamboree." These valuable remarks are read, and the readers laugh, and are aware that they know just as much as they did before. But the next morning they read with eagerness a half-column in which Mr. G. says that the thing is settled, and that Z. is to be the man. Then comes the Convention, and nominates a letter in a wholly different part of the alphabet, and everybody goes home shouting for the nominee, and "falling into line" for the victory of the unterrified D. or the grand old P.

COMMENCEMENT AGAIN.

The season of roses is that of Commencements, and as our June weather is tropical, the story of the old clergyman constantly recurs, who, sweltering in heavy black broadcloth, turned to his perspiring brother upon the Commencement platform, and murmured as he dripped, "The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy?" But the audience itself answered. Youth and flowers and love and summer. Was ever eloquence so touching or the grace of oratory so enchanting as those of the Demosthenes and Cicero of the hour as interpreted by those palpitating hearts which knew that eloquence and grace in less public exhibitions?

But this is passed. Commencement is now the one day in which the intellectual character of the college appeals to the public. The muscular and athletic department is frequently throughout the year soliciting and receiving public observation and applause. On every great holiday the rival crews and teams enter the lists, and the crimson and the blue, or the pea-green and the pearl-gray, dispute the prize before the eyes of innumerable queens of beauty and "knowing" experts who keep tallies, and amid shouts and universal excitement and resounding columns of description in the newspapers the great results are made known.

Commencement, which was once the chief college day, the culmination of interest in the college, has lost its glory. The form, indeed, remains—the procession; the faculty and graduates enrobed; the orations, salutatory and valedictory; the conferring of degrees—but the enthusiasm, the eager delight, the passionate interest of college boys, and eke alumni, these are no longer for Commencement. It is even doubtful whether athletic priority and renown do not bring more students to the college than intellectual eminence. President Harper is gathering masters in all branches of study to the Chicago University, but there are pundits of the biceps muscle in every older college who are waiting to scan upon the margin of Lake Michigan the masters of elevens and the seraphic doctors of the touch-down.

A FITTING MONUMENT.

One of the pleasantest modern forms of charity is that which seeks to cheer and adorn the lives and homes of those who can do little more than earn their daily bread. The flower missions and the barge excursions for the hospitals bring to the sick and suffering some glimpse of the beauty and charm of nature, and to the same kind of sympathy is due the system of summer retreats at which a few days of vacation and refreshment are secured for those who otherwise have no change.

Such retreats, as in the case of the Gilbert A. Robertson, on the high ridge of land between the Bronx and the Hudson, near Scarsdale station, in Westchester County, are often memorials of affection, and beautiful and peculiarly fitting monuments of character. Mr. Robertson was a person of great modesty and simplicity of nature, and of a most winning, manly gentleness of disposition; and as his wife was happily in perfect accord with him, they seemed to be almoners of their fortune for the service of others. Mrs. Robertson survived her husband, and at her own death, being without children or immediate kindred, she devoted her means to found a summer home for the poor, as the best monument for her husband.

Her design was a hotel free of charge for a fortnight to whole families who might be able to avail themselves of the bounty. Such a home, of course, cannot be conducted without a great deal of attentive care, but the report of the first year shows the most excellent results. The details of care are distributed among committees, and with increased facilities the 137 persons who were entertained this year may become a thousand or more in the future. Any donor may be sure that under the present trustees of the Home every gift will be turned unwasted to the best result.

A GAME OF CHANCE.

In his eulogy upon Mr. Seward before the Legislature of New York, Mr. Charles Francis Adams lamented that political ability and distinguished public service had ceased to be recommendations for the Presidency, and that availability was the essential consideration. It was not unnatural that meditation upon the career of Mr. Seward should have suggested this view, which is certainly true so far as this—that the decisive course of men of great political ability and experience often estranges others to a point of bitterness.

Mr. Seward was the natural candidate of the Republican party in 1860—if not in 1856. But even Mr. Adams could hardly lament that he was set aside for Mr. Lincoln. The blow of disappointment for Mr. Seward, however, was very heavy, and yet no man ought to have known more certainly than he that under our political system no claim of any kind upon the Presidency is acknowledged. In many ways the ablest living statesman in this country is Mr. Sherman. But he is hardly considered as a candidate, while the nomination of Mr. David B. Hill and of Mr. Alger has been seriously discussed.

Of the famous political triumvirate, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, none reached the Presidency; while the elder Harrison, Polk, and Pierce were elected. The nomination is well called a stroke of lightning. Absorbed devotion to securing the nomination, with the utmost resources of unscrupulous political craft and official position, are all useless, as Mr. Hill has learned. A statesman can propose to himself no poorer object than the Presidency, for it dwarfs his manhood and makes him timid, trimming, and servile. There are great ability and long service and wise experience among Republican leaders, yet at this moment, on the eve of the nomination for the Presidency, no man can tell whether all these qualities may not be passed by and some candidate with none of them be selected.

IN ENGLAND.

The excitement of the election in England, which cannot be long delayed, is shown in advance by the skirmishes of Irish shillalahs. One of the most prominent and devoted of the Irish leaders is Michael Davitt. He is a candidate against a Parnellite, and upon Mr. Davitt's appearance at the town of Navan there was a general fight between his friends and the Parnellites, in which Mr. Davitt was severely wounded by a stone.

In England the situation is equally intense. Lord Salisbury's speech stating that Ulster would resist home-rule is accepted as a declaration that the issue of the election is of the gravest character. An Englishman writes privately, speaking of Mr. Gladstone's return to power: "I hope and trust that no such dreadful calamity is in store for us. I have all along believed that no scheme of 'home-rule' is possible without breeding civil war. The lapse of time makes that clearer. I trust that a sufficient number of the electors (grossly ignorant and misled as many of them are) will realize this vividly enough to save us from such an issue. I cannot deny, however, that human folly, both in political government and in other things, seems to me capable of almost anything, and the prize of folly is perhaps equally divisible between monarchies, republics, and despotisms."

The situation in England is made more interesting by the great age of Mr. Gladstone, who is now eighty-three. No man in any other country is so conspicuous and so important a figure as Mr. Gladstone in England. His fire and force seem to be unabated, and the ability and success with which through the whole administration of Lord Salisbury he has maintained the cause the advocacy of which threw him out of power—and maintained it was apparently to win the public confidence that he had lost—is one of the remarkable incidents in English political history. He embodies his cause so completely that it is not easy to foresee the consequences to it of his disappearance from the scene.

THE GOOD WORK OF GENERAL PORTER.

The city of New York owes a great debt of gratitude to General Horace Porter for securing the immense balance of the fund necessary for the completion of the Grant Monument. The enterprise lagged to a point of practical abandonment, not because of any change in the sentiment of patriotic gratitude toward Grant, but simply because of the incessant pressure of demands upon public sympathy and aid, and because of a national indifference to monuments. It seemed to be clear a few months ago that it would be necessary to regard the sum which had been already contributed as the whole sum to be expended, and to make all plans conform to that fact.

But General Porter was elected president of the monument association, and took a wholly different view. He decided that the three hundred and fifty thousand dollars still lacking, must be and should be obtained immediately. He devoted himself promptly, intelligently, and most effectively to the work. He issued a simple and earnest appeal to the public, and his wide and general acquaintance in the community and the universal esteem with which he is regarded enabled him to organize thoroughly every interest in the city, and with extraordinary sagacity to touch every responsive spring.

At the end of April the President of the United States laid the corner-stone of the proposed structure with becoming ceremony, and General Porter stated that he hoped the whole sum would be contributed within a month and by Decoration day. On that day it was completed, and the greatest work of the kind ever achieved, we believe, in the country within so short a time was finished. It is a signal service which General Porter has rendered, and it is unquestionable that but for him the Grant Monument as designed would never have been erected. Doubtless more than the pride which any man might justly feel in such success, the deepest and sweetest emotion of General Porter is gratification that the work was done for his friend and General.

PERSONAL.

Three of the five children born to General Robert E. Lee are still living—George Washington Custis Lee and Mildred and Mary Custis Lee. The daughters of the Confederate leader are especially interesting women, of cultivated mind and great charm of manner. Miss Mary Lee has been an adventurous traveller in regions of Europe and the Orient far removed from the beaten track of tourists, and her sister is a woman of unusual talent and personal distinction. General Lee is President of the Washington and Lee University, and was for some time a professor there of mathematics and engineering. He is a man of dignity and refinement, much averse to notoriety, and of retiring and modest disposition.

—Mr. Gladstone's range of reading is astonishingly extensive. An order for twenty volumes, which he recently commissioned a London bookseller to send him, embraced books on Irish affairs, the Waldenses, and the mode of settling parishes in Scotland; lives of Aretin and Lord Bacon; a volume of Eton verse, and other volumes on solar physics, myths, political economy, religion, and the England of Elizabeth's time.

—The Queen Regent of Spain has recently conferred on the young wife of General E. Burd Grubb, the United States Minister to Madrid, the Royal Order of Maria Louisa for Noble Ladies. This is a Spanish order of knighthood for women only, and it was instituted in 1794 by King Carlos IV. Queen Victoria, Queen Margharita of Italy, and ex-Empress Eugénie are among the ladies who have been invested with the insignia of the order. Mrs. Grubb is the daughter of Thomas Sopworth, one of the Board of Governors of the Bank of England, and before her marriage was a London belle.

—It is interesting to know that Dr. George F. Root, whose "Rally round the Flag" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching" have hardly been surpassed in popularity as war-songs, was at one time so distrustful of his talent that he published his first melody under an assumed name. That song was the once-famous "Hazel Dell," and the composer signed it with the name of "Woerzel," the German for root. Dr. Root is now a well-preserved old man in very prosperous circumstances, for his songs still bring him remunerative royalties. His "Rally round the Flag" was written a day or two after Lincoln's second call for troops. It leaped into immediate favor, and within a month was on the lips of every Northern soldier.

—No Senator is fonder than Mr. Frye of an out-door life, and every summer he passes a month with Mrs. Frye, "roughing it" on one of the primeval Maine islands. At that time the Senator and his wife put all the luxuries of civilization behind them, and live in a log cabin, without even a servant to attend to the house-work.

—The condition of the insane King Otto of Bavaria is reported to have become much worse as the result of his incessant smoking of cigarettes, of which he consumes six packages a day. He is at times so violent that it is necessary for his attendants to strap him to his bed. He has daily periods of unconsciousness, and has recently been too ill to leave the apartment in which he is confined.

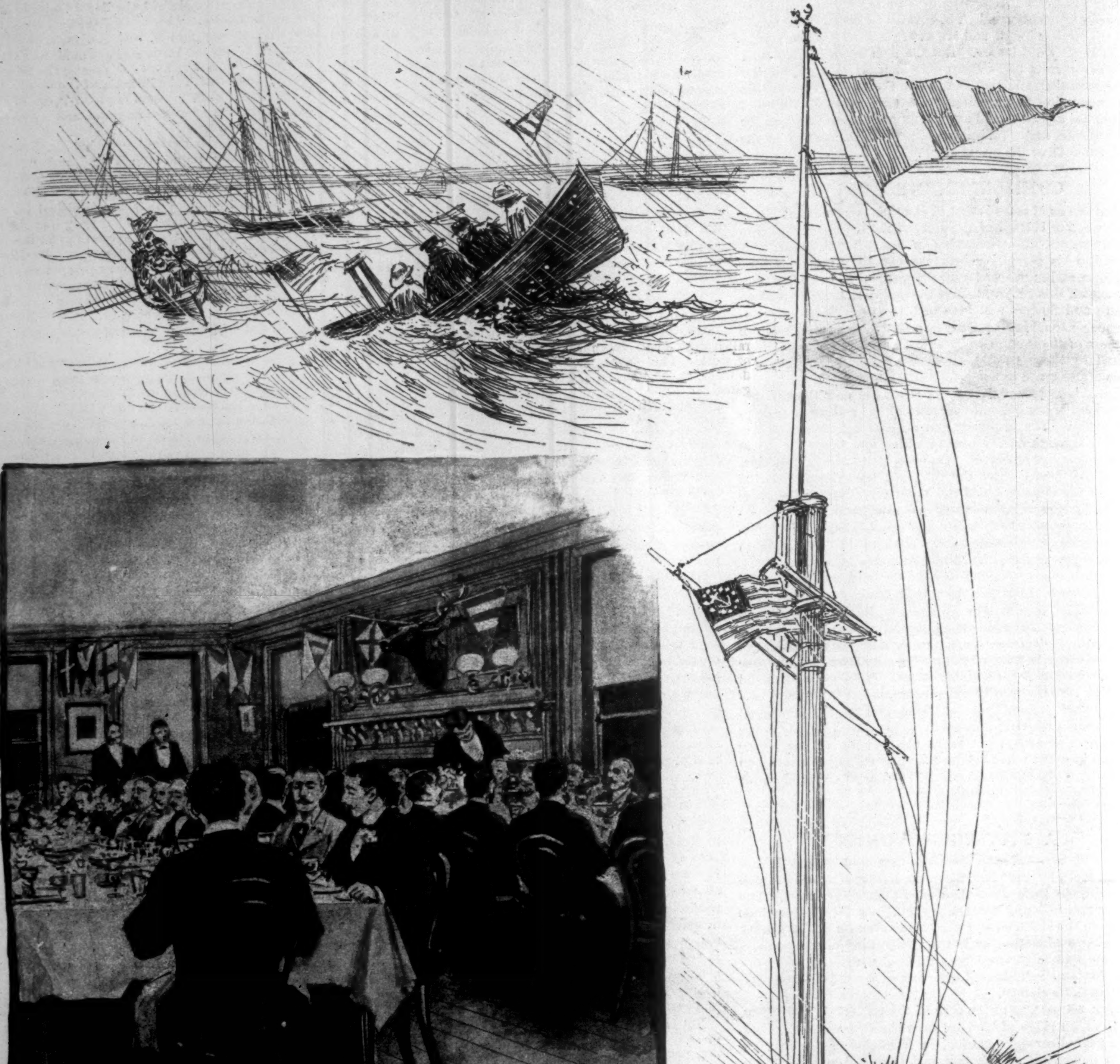
—At the time of his retirement from active service, June 1st, General David Sloan Stanley was commander of the Department of Texas. He is a soldier of excellent record in the rebellion and on the frontier. He was graduated from West Point in 1852, and from 1855 until 1861, when he was promoted to a captaincy, he passed the greater part of the time in the saddle in the far West. In 1859 General Scott complimented him for a successful engagement with the Comanches. When the war broke out Captain Stanley was offered high rank in the Confederacy, but refused to desert his flag, and accepted a Brigadier-Generalship of Volunteers in the Union army. He took a prominent part in the attack on Island No. 10 and in the Corinth campaign, and as commander of the First Division of the Fourth Army Corps he marched into Georgia with Sherman. He was badly wounded at Jonesborough. He had been made a Major-General of Volunteers in 1862, and for services at Resaca, Ruff's Station, and Franklin he was successively brevetted Colonel, Brigadier-General, and Major-General in the regular army. In 1873 General Stanley was put in command of the Yellowstone Expedition, and after that he suppressed the Indian raids in Texas. In 1884 he was appointed a Brigadier-General in the regular army, and assigned to the Department of Texas.

—Miss Maria Morgan, better known in the United States as "Midy" Morgan, died at Jersey City on the 1st of June. Miss Morgan was born in County Cork, Ireland, in 1828, and came to New York in 1869, and was at once attached to the New York *Times* as stock and cattle reporter, and for the last twenty-two years has occupied this position. There were few who understood more thoroughly the subject of thoroughbred stock, nor one whose love for animals was more strongly developed. An accomplished woman and a linguist of ability, it was remarkable that she should have accepted such a peculiar calling, but the work she did was of the best, and the reputation she earned was of the highest. Miss Morgan was a well-known figure in New York journalistic life, and for her honesty and straightforwardness had many friends throughout the country.

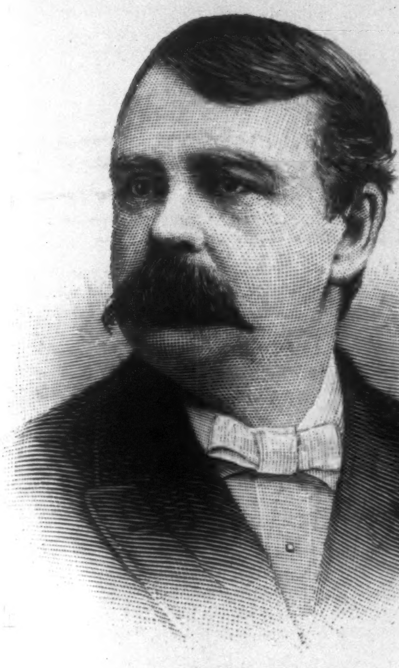
—It has been said that the public men seen in Washington are monotonously alike in attire; but ex-Senator Mahone, of Virginia, who makes the national capital his headquarters, is a noteworthy exception to this rule. He dresses as he dressed when he first came to Washington years ago—in a long Prince Albert black coat, loosely buttoned at the waist, and a modified form of the "peg-top" trousers of the last generation. His shirt is elaborately frilled, and the long wristbands are turned up over his coat sleeves in lieu of cuffs. His head is covered by a broad-brimmed black slouch hat, as fierce as any he wore when fighting with Lee. General Mahone is as well posted on the merits of thoroughbred horseflesh as on politics, and is passing fond of a game of poker.

—Ex-Senator George W. Jones, of Iowa, to whom a pension is likely to be granted by the government for services in the war of 1812 and in the Black Hawk war, is an interesting survivor of the old-time politician. He is now eighty-eight years old, but remarkably well preserved, and noted still for the courtesy of manner that has always distinguished him. It gives one a striking appreciation of the astonishing growth of the republic to consider that he was the first Delegate to Congress of the Territory of Wisconsin, and the first Senator elected by the young State of Iowa. Mr. Jones first entered public life in Washington in 1835, and for thirty years thereafter he was prominent in national politics. His service in the war of 1812, for which his pension is partly given him, was that of a drummer-boy.

—Henry Labouchere, the London editor and member of Parliament, was at one time attached to the British legation at Washington, and a number of characteristic stories of his eccentricities are still current at the capital. One relates that during a brief trip to New York he was mistaken for a celebrated Irish patriot by some Irish Americans who met him in a saloon on a side street off Broadway. He encouraged the delusion to the extent of eating a dinner given in his honor by the friends of the cause, and finally gave them the slip without revealing his identity. Mr. Labouchere is now sixty-one years old. He is one of the keenest and clearest-headed men in the House of Commons, his cynicism and his airy way of dealing with public questions veiling a profound acquaintance with men and measures in politics.



THE OPENING OF THE YACHTING SEASON—LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 563.]



JAMES S. CLARKSON, OF IOWA.

THE MINNEAPOLIS CONVENTION.

THE GREAT AUDITORIUM.

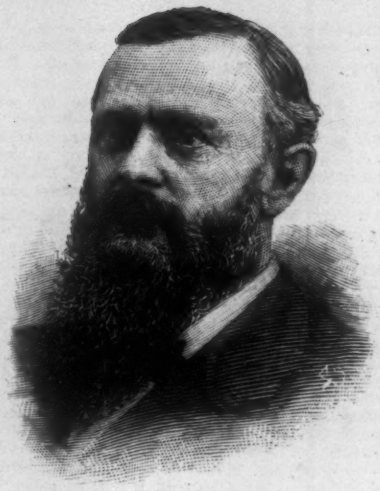
It is not a marvel of chaste architectural beauty, the great auditorium of the Republican National Convention of 1892. It is, however, a vast room with admirable acoustics, well suited to the demands of the hour. When one stands at the speaker's platform, and looks far away through hundreds of feet of space to the topmost tiers of the quadrangular gallery, the room seems immense in size; it seems still larger viewed from the high gallery.

Square, with flat ceiling and rooflike skylight, it has little to commend it in æsthetics. Yet it is not an inharmonious whole, for whatever verges on discord in details merges into harmony when you strike the full chord. There are many pillars extending from the main or delegate floor to the high ceiling. These pillars are done in umber brown at the bases, turning into a pale gold toward the roof. Midway, sheaves of wheat are bound about the pillars, beautiful as decoration, suggestive to the utilitarian. The skylight is perhaps 100 feet by 75 feet in size, and at the point where it meets the roof line there is a heavy fringed drapery of greenish-gold hue, caught up at various points with small flags half concealing electric jets. About the balcony runs a row of State shields, which, the protectionist is proud to tell you, are made of native tin. Each shield bears the State's name, and has a festoon of small flags about it. Above the speaker's stand are draped two large flags, with a widespread decorative eagle between them. This is reproduced on the three other sides of the room. The beams above are painted in mazarine blue, and bear white stars encircling the room. The skylight is painted the same color to soften the light. Very little else is seen in the way of decoration, for the reason that vision must not be obstructed. Imperative was the rule that the decorations must be modest and unobtrusive. As a whole, and considering that this is a hall built within an industrial exposition building, the auditorium presents a pleasing and satisfying appearance.

There are seats for 11,000, possibly 11,500 people. The delegates sit on the main floor immediately under the skylight. The alternates sit immediately to the rear, on slightly raised seats. From the main floor the seats rise amphitheatrelike to the roof. There is one balcony running around the whole room. From above, the delegation designations are suspended, marking the States and Territories. In front of the speaker, and at a dizzy height near the roof, the iron-railed band stand is swung. It is a queer, picturesque piece of work. The players must go first to the roof, and then descend to the stand, nearly a hundred feet above the delegates.

Right and left the newspaper correspondents flank the speaker. The tables are of uniform size, accommodating three to five men, and rising on terraces several feet above the main floor. Seats for 298 correspondents have been assigned. The Associated and United Press have wide tables within a foot or two of the speaker—one association to the right, the other to the left. Pneumatic tubes connect them with large rooms in another part of the building, where the Western Union and North American Telegraph companies will have about 100 picked operators and a large relay of type-writers. The newspapers of Minneapolis and St. Paul will here have rooms, where may be prepared all copy for their columns.

Upon the speaker's platform will be a rug of large size, to cover so great a space, and of costly material. The speaker's chair is of heavy oak, made for the occasion. It will bear rich carvings and symbolical high-relief representations of Minneapolis scenes. The gavel has been made in the manual-training department of one of the Minneapolis high-schools. Thirty entrances have been prepared for the balcony. The exits are numerous and accessible. The exterior of the building will not be decorated, though there will be the usual display of bunting from the various flagstaffs upon the roof. Where the fresh pine of new stairways shows yellow on the building's sides, graceful evergreens will be interwoven to conceal these improvised exits. At night, should there be evening sessions, an elaborate electric system of arc and incandescent lights will be turned on. Preparations for the decoration of the city are being made on the customary ample scale which prevails upon like occasions. A great arch of piled lumber at the entrance to the steel arch bridge spanning the Mississippi has been planned, with an arch of flour-barrels at the other end, and a gigantic Dutch windmill made entirely of flour-barrels. These features are planned to typify two of the important industries of the city and State.



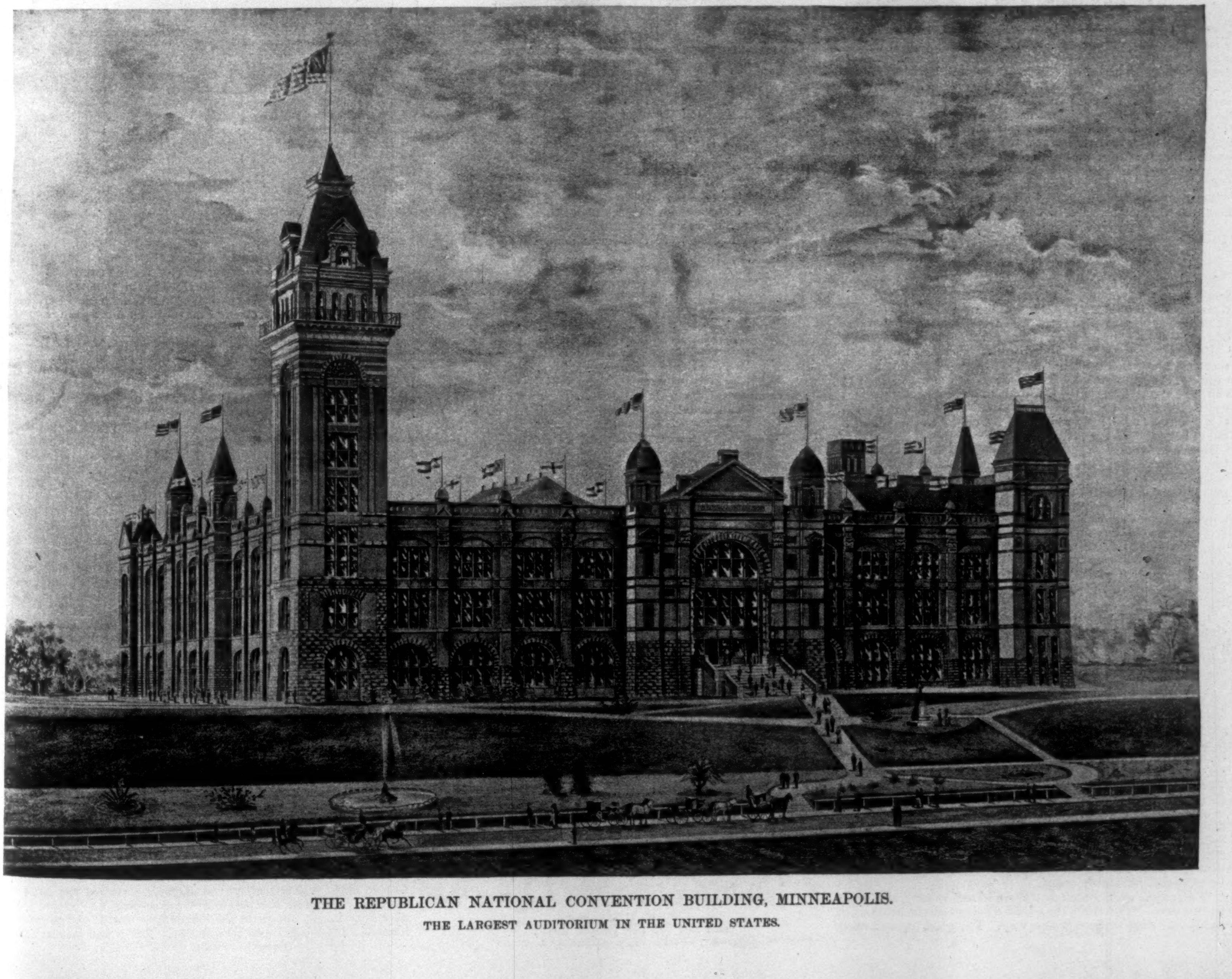
JOHN C. NEW, OF INDIANA.

There was the customary pressure for seats—a pressure which not infrequently is transformed into a scramble. The hall could easily have been arranged for 20,000 people, but it was deemed best by those in charge to keep the seating capacity down to a little over one-half that number. The public have common wooden chairs; the delegates, opera chairs. The seats are distributed, approximately, as follows: to the 48 national committee-men, 40 each, nearly 2000; to each of the 900 delegates, 4 tickets, 3600; to each alternate, 1 ticket, 900; to the local and outside press, 550.

The usual number of seats is allotted to prominent guests, and, as is customary, quite a block of tickets is assigned the local committee for sale, if it is deemed necessary, to cover Convention expenses. It will cost Minneapolis about $90,000 to care for the Convention. W. S. Harwood.

THE DELEGATES.

A MONTH ago it would have been said that the felicity of those peoples whose annals are tiresome would attend the tenth National Convention of the Republican party, appointed to be held in Minneapolis Tuesday, June 7th. It seemed that Mr. Harrison would be renominated without opposition, and that what "struggle" enlivened the Convention would be the comparatively unexciting contest for the second place, while it was to be expected that the debate over the precise wording of the oracular platform upon silver and the tariff



THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS.

THE LARGEST AUDITORIUM IN THE UNITED STATES.

would be confined to a committee in a private room. Upon polygamy and upon the merits of the party it was admitted that the trumpet would give no uncertain sound. It was known, to be sure, that the President had made enemies in his own party, who, if not very numerous, were very active, and not without power, but it did not seem likely that these enemies would be able to produce a presentable candidate in opposition. Within the past fortnight they have succeeded in concentrating their efforts upon Mr. James G. Blaine. It was after this success that the President permitted himself to say to an interviewer that he did not believe the Convention would allow itself to be controlled by "individual disappointments." On behalf of the conspirators, if they may be called so without disrespect, Mr. Platt replied to this imputation in an interview of much length and acerbity, and of some power of sarcasm, in which, while claiming full credit to the Republican party for all that the administration had done or left undone, he declined to bestow any of this credit upon the President himself. The chief of the opponents of Mr. Harrison besides Mr. Platt himself, whose name leads the list of delegates at large from New York, are Mr. Matthew S. Quay, who takes a lowly place in the representation of Pennsylvania as a simple district delegate, and Mr. John F. Clarkson, of Iowa, chairman of the Republican National Committee, who is the first of the delegates at large from that State. Mr. Clarkson, it will be remembered, was sometime First Assistant Postmaster-General to Mr. Wanamaker, and being thus in charge of the appointments of the department, distinguished himself by the celerity and gusto with which he made vacancies by the decapitation of Democrats. What private griefs or "individual disappointments" he had that made him do it, if any, is left to conjecture; and, indeed, he disclaims any personal hostility to the President; but it is a fact that he has been one of the most industrious and conspicuous of the men engaged in the attempt to prevent the President's renomination, and that he has made very light of the objections supposed to exist against the nomination of Mr. Blaine in the precarious condition of Mr. Blaine's health, and in the letter in which he declined to be considered as a candidate. If the attempt, instead of being a forlorn hope, should be successful, Mr. Clarkson would be a very important person indeed. The confidential agent of Mr. Harrison at Minneapolis is supposed to be Mr. John C. New, lately Consul-General to London.

The list of delegates to Minneapolis comprises pretty nearly every conspicuous Republican in the country, including some whom the country was in danger of forgetting, like Mr. R. W. Thompson, of Indiana, once connected as Secretary of the Navy with Mr. Hayes's cabinet, and more recently with M. de Lesseps's Panama Canal. The two silver Senators head the delegation from Colorado; ex-Senator "Pow" Clayton again glitters in the forefront of Arkansas; Governor McKinley and ex-Governor Foraker are among the delegates at large from Ohio; Mr. Crapo, Governor Russell's unsuccessful competitor, leads the delegation from Massachusetts; Mr. Chauncey I. Filley and Mr. Richard C. Kerens lend a familiar aroma to the delegation from Missouri; Kansas is content to be represented by Mr. Ingalls in the Convention, though no longer in the Senate: ex-Senator Ferry is the first of the delegates from Michigan. One rejoices to find among the delegates from Texas the candid Webster Flanagan, of El Paso, Texas, whose word, fitly spoken, "What are we here for but the offices?" was like apples of gold in pictures of silver at the Convention of 1880. The delegation from New Hampshire looks incomplete without the name of Mr. William E Chandler, but it is manifest that the Convention will not suffer from any lack of the most practical politics even without him. The delegates from New York city and pilgrims to the Convention absorbed no fewer than three special trains—one that of Mr. Depew, who is outspoken for Harrison, and a delegate at large from the State; another that of Senator Hiscock and ex-Senator Warner Miller, who are not exactly outspoken for Harrison; and the third bearing the fourth delegate at large, Mr. Platt, who is so outspoken against him. "What a weight of war rides on those ringing axles!"

The Convention consists of 898 delegates, including ten from the Territories, and 450 votes are necessary to a choice.

"LAY ALOFT!"

Mr. Zogbaum's spirited picture "Lay Aloft!" awakens fond memories of the "old navy" and suggests many thoughts of the new. It mirrors the most striking feature in the naval routine of the past, and inspires intelligent study of future requirements in the training of men-of-war's men.

Modern naval science has demanded the virtual abandonment of spars and sails, not only in battle-ships, but in unarmored cruisers as well. There is no space nor weight that can be devoted to them. Guns and machinery, armor and speed, torpedoes and explosives, have crowded out everything that can no longer directly influence the result of a naval battle.

But in dismasting the fighting ships, and in acknowledging that masts and sails can play no part in future battles at sea, it must not be admitted that they are valueless in the preliminary training of naval officers and bluejackets. Naval education must be kept within practical lines, to be sure, and conservatism must not prevent the changes and improvements demanded by time and progress. It is true that the modern ship is a floating fort filled with complicated weapons. Guns and torpedoes, not sails, are the all-important elements of victory, and skill in their use must undoubtedly govern the general trend of naval education and training.

In educating a man for the navy, however, it is not sufficient simply to consider the matters that are to enter into the routine of his daily life, and to confine his education exclusively to such. There must be breadth of view in laying the foundation. The personal qualities of mind and heart and the physical powers necessary in a seaman and in a leader of men afloat must not be completely subordinated to intellectual development and technical knowledge. And to secure these personal qualities and this physical vigor there is no exercise so beneficial as drill aloft with sails and spars. In it there is a certain element of danger, dash, and excitement that is altogether lacking in ordinary athletic exercises. The "setting-up" drill, bayonet drill, and the introduction of gymnastic appliances are a positive necessity on board mastless ships, and may possibly secure the proper muscular development of the men. But in the training-ships of naval cadets and young apprentices the spar and sail drills should still be considered far more valuable than ordinary gymnastics, and a fair amount of time devoted to these exercises will be well and profitably spent.

Work aloft makes men fearless and self-reliant, and gives them nerve. The traits that must distinguish the seaman of the future may be bred in this way. The good topman must be as quick and active as a cat, and there is nothing that will test a young man's endurance so thoroughly as prompt obedience to the command, "Aloft and furl the royals!" The spirit of rivalry between ships and between fore, main, and mizzen topmen, arouses the pride of the men, and as they spring into the rigging and scamper aloft like squirrels, there are exhibitions of activity and fearlessness not common to the gymnasium nor to military drills.

It has been well said that "we still need 'handy' men in the navy." In this respect there is and will be no change. If there is any quality that has always distinguished the bluejacket, it is this essential quality of handiness. No man can be a good seaman who is not quick with his hands and quick with his eyes. And it must be apparent that the modern man-of-war's man must possess this quality to a marked degree. To direct guns and torpedoes from a rolling and rapidly moving platform at an enemy whose distance and bearing are constantly changing, we must have men who are, above all things, quick and active. And when we stop to consider the secret of the sailor's handiness, fearlessness, readiness of resource, and the general "get there" quality so invaluable on board ship, we find that it is in his schooling aloft that these traits have been developed. Any one who watches a well-conducted sail and spar drill will be impressed by the truth of this assertion. The seaman is nimble, daring, and ready for any emergency. In his movements there is none of the stiffness, awkwardness, and helpless rigidity so characteristic in the landsman afloat. Brains, eyes, hands, and feet are all at work at once, contributing their share. There is a co-operation of the mental and physical powers, a quickness of perception, and a true eye required in the work of the seaman aloft.

In advocating the retention of masts for practice ships there is no "old-fogyism." It is simply a recognition of the fact that seamen will always be needed in the navy, and that the personal qualities that are most valuable in the young bluejacket, and his muscular development as well, can be more readily secured by exercise aloft than by any other system of athletics. The naval cadet and naval apprentice will be benefited more by work with spars and sails than by exercise with dumbbells, Indian clubs, etc. The latter will not make them half so "handy" and efficient on board a man-of-war. After graduating from the training service there will be ample time to acquire a knowledge of everything that is peculiar to a mastless ship.

Looking at the matter simply as one of physical development, we must therefore admit that spars and sails are the most appropriate and valuable of all gymnastic appliances for the young sailor. The *Monongahela*, *Portsmouth*, and *Jamestown*, if armed with modern rapid-firing guns, would combine the best features of training-ships.

The *Enterprise*, now used at the Naval Academy for the instruction of the cadets in gunnery, seamanship, and steam-engineering, will soon give way to the *Bancroft*, the new practice ship, with her modern guns and machinery, and a light barkentine rig. But it is still probable that the old *Constellation* will be used in the future, as in the past, for the summer cruises of the cadets. The ringing command "Lay aloft!" will still be heard in the navy, and the naval cadet and young apprentice may lose none of the "handiness" that is the *sine qua non* of the modern as well as of the old-time man-of-war's man.

A SONG FOR THE PEOPLE.

PIRATES OF THE SEA AND OF THE CITY.

In the days of old
The pirate bold
Clung to the rolling seas.
On the vast expanse
Where the billows dance
He felt him most at his ease.
When he scuttled a boat
Or cut a throat
'Twas quite convenient then
To be up in the "Roaring Forties"
Or down on the Spanish Main.
At least it was so in the days of old,
When rogues were timid and honest men bold.

Or if ever to land
A pirate band
To pillage and plunder came—
If to ransack a town
Or to burn it down
The devil had made it their game—
They'd at least hide away
Until close of day,
With their rakish craft in the still lagoon,
Sheltered from view by tropical growth,
Like a bird of prey 'neath the Southern moon.
But that was all in the days of old,
When rogues were timid and honest men bold.

The sea is swept clean
From the robber's spleen;
The black flag flutters down.
One may sail away
By inlet and bay,
For the pirate has come to town.
He has doffed his boots
And outlandish suits,
He is dressed like the upper ten;
Disguise and weapon he needs no more
For filching the purse of the citizen.
For these are not the days of old;
The good man is timid, the rogue has grown bold.

Instead of the sea
The city must be
The fount whence fortune flows;
He will pocket a street
In a fashion neat
Without ever coming to blows.
In a big combine
He will intertwine
Himself with a resolute few
Who are keen and strong for work ahead,
And can go with a rush straight through,
Since they know that gone are the days of old,
When rogues were timid and honest men bold.

At a figure high,
Lawyers they'll buy
Gifted to make it appear
That statutes stand
For the pirate band,
And not for the people dear.
With whispers low
To councils they go
With stock and with contracts and cash;
They make them a strong majority—
The thing is done in a flash—
For to-day the people are out in the cold;
To the rich who purchase, the laws are sold.

In a major key,
With wicked glee,
Loud rings the pirate's laugh.
"The people free
I have chained," quoth he,
"I have sifted the city like chaff.
Its streets are mine,
A harvest fine
They will bring to my palace door."
He stands in the sun, and cries again,
"Liberty lives no more."
Dead and gone are the days of old,
When rogues were timid and honest men bold.

A moment hold,
Good pirate bold!
Be not too sure, I pray.
All black is the west
With storm opprest
That may burst ere the close of day.
The smiling wave
May prove a grave,
And the seaman's merry song
May die, as the livid tempest wrack
Sweeps the quivering sea along.
For though we are not in the days of old,
Rogues may turn timid and honest men bold.

The people asleep
Poor count may keep
Of tricks that are played by your crew;
But the people awake
A turn may take
Sternly to reckon with you.
To wrong and greed
Right at last may succeed,
And of outraged Justice the sword
May be lifted at length
To smite and slay
The enemies of the Lord.
Then our day shall be as the days of old,
With rogues grown timid and honest men bold.

X.

THE ARCHDEACON OF BADAJOS.

A SPANISH LEGEND.

BY P. TOFT.

Once upon a time there was an Archdeacon in the Diocese of Badajos who was famous throughout the country for his great piety and learning. He was well versed not only in his native literature, but familiar with the classical languages, and was able to read both Hebrew and Arabic; but of magic, of which there was a professor here and there in those days, he was fain to confess his ignorance. This vexed him exceedingly, and he pondered long and often how he should obtain a knowledge of the occult art. At last it came to his knowledge that there lived in the city of Toledo a certain person called Don Torribio, who was commonly believed to have a profound knowledge of the secrets of nature, and who consequently enjoyed the rather dangerous reputation of being a potent magician. Accordingly one fine day the Archdeacon ordered his mule to be saddled, and journeyed to Toledo in quest of Don Torribio, whom he found at last in a lonely house in the suburb. Tying his mule to a post and supplying him with a feed of hay, he entered the dwelling, and presented himself to the magician thus:

"You see before you Don Ramiro, the Archdeacon of Badajos, a name I dare say you have heard before, and one, I believe, not unknown among the learned of Spain. Nevertheless I shall consider myself highly honored if you'll deign to initiate me into the arcana of those occult arts of which fame asserts that Don Torribio is the first master in Spain. You'll find me an apt and ardent scholar, and I need not say that your services shall be requited most gratefully by me."

Don Torribio, a tall old man with deep cavernous eyes, answered, somewhat coldly, that the Archdeacon had better apply to another master. "I am tired," he added, "of giving lessons in my art from which I have derived no benefit, as my pupils have invariably rewarded my pains with ingratitude and empty promises."

"What!" exclaimed Don Ramiro. "Is it possible that a man like Don Torribio should have experienced the ingratitude of the world? He must indeed be a monster who could fail to acknowledge the benefits of your invaluable instructions. I assure you, venerable sir, that gratitude for even the smallest service is one of my principal virtues."

Thereupon his Reverence made a number of quotations from authors, ancient and modern, all bearing upon the abominable vice of ingratitude. He spoke with such eloquence and feeling that the magician at last seemed to be impressed with his earnestness, and said, smilingly, that he found himself unable to resist the solicitations of such a noble and high-minded gentleman, and that his best services were at his Reverence's disposal. Excusing himself for a moment, he opened the window, and called to his housekeeper in the yard below, "*Hyacintha, put two partridges on the spit*, as I hope the Archdeacon of Badajos will honor me with his company for dinner an hour hence." Having given this order, he took Don Ramiro by the hand and led him to his study. Here he touched the priest's forehead whilst he pronounced three secret words, unintelligible to his guest. He then bade him to be seated, and began to expound from a great folio the first rudimentary lessons of his secret art.

Don Ramiro, all ears, was listening with profound attention to the words of the sage, when they were interrupted by the housekeeper, who announced the arrival of a courier, who had ridden in hot haste from Badajos with a message for the Archdeacon. It informed him that shortly before leaving home his uncle the Bishop had had an apoplectic stroke, that his life was in danger, and that the Archdeacon was wanted immediately. His Reverence was exceedingly vexed thus to be disturbed on the very threshold of his interesting studies, so he dismissed the messenger, telling him to ride back and announce the speedy arrival of the Archdeacon. Begging the magician to continue his lesson, he presently forgot his uncle and the whole world, and proved himself a most eager and apt scholar. Early and late he sat at Don Torribio's feet, and absorbed his wonderful lore. On the third day the Canons of the Chapter made their appearance and announced to the Archdeacon that the Bishop was dead, that he had been elected by the Chapter to be his uncle's successor, and that consequently his immediate presence in Badajos was imperative. Don Torribio, as a wise man, decided at once to take advantage of the stroke of fortune which had befallen his reverend pupil. Having congratulated him upon his advancement, he took him aside and said:

"Reverend sir, I have a son Benjamin, my only son. He is a youth of good parts and of an excellent heart. For my art he has, however, neither inclination nor talent, and he has therefore, upon my advice, entered the priesthood. He has a living near Toledo, but his stipend is poor. May I therefore now venture to ask your lordship to bestow on him the archdeaconry in Badajos left vacant by your lordship's translation?"

The new-made Bishop was somewhat embarrassed as he replied: "My good Torribio, I am truly sorry to say that although I ardently desire to serve you in this as in all other things, I am this time unable to grant your wish. I have an old relation in feeble health who has great claims upon me. I should gain the ill will of him and my whole family if I neglected him on this occasion. But, my good friend," continued the Bishop, persuasively, "I trust you'll not on that ground refuse to continue your lessons. Do not leave me now, just as I am in a position to be of use to you. No, beloved teacher, come and make your home with me, and give me the benefit of your invaluable instructions as before. Your son Benjamin shall be my care. Fear not; he shall have a preferment much better than the trumpery deanery of Badajos."

This seemed to satisfy Don Torribio, and he followed his distinguished pupil to Badajos, where he was handsomely lodged in the episcopal palace, and treated with great deference on account of his intimacy with the Bishop, who diligently availed himself of the magician's tuition, and made considerable progress in the magic art. However, he never allowed these secret studies to interfere with his duties, and he became so famous all over Spain as one of the Church's worthiest servants that when the Archbishop of Compostella departed this life, the excellent Don Ramiro was translated to that famous see. His departure was much regretted in Badajos, and as a last token of their veneration the Chapter resolved that the Bishop should have the privilege of nominating his successor. Don Torribio, as was natural, did not neglect to improve this fresh occasion, and begged his pupil to appoint his son Benjamin to the vacant see; but again his lordship pointed out some strong reasons for not granting his master's request.

"It is impossible," he said, "to express the regret, nay, the shame, I feel in denying you this favor, but judge yourself of my difficulty. Don Ferdinand de Lara, the powerful Viceroy of Castile, has demanded the post for one of his relations. I am under the greatest obligations to Don Ferdinand, and I must serve the old before the recent friend. I am sure, Don Torribio, you'll approve yourself of my conduct, and judge what you may in future expect from my sense of gratitude when the fitting occasion presents itself, and I am sure that it will soon be in my power to reward your faithful services."

Don Torribio replied, humbly, that he was content to await his Grace's leisure in the matter, and would continue to attend him.

Accordingly Don Torribio followed the Archbishop to Compostella. Their residence in that city was, however, of short duration, for within the fortnight a papal legate brought Don Ramiro the Cardinal's hat, with a gracious letter from the Pope, inviting him to Rome in order that his Holiness might have the benefit of the counsel of such an able and learned prelate in matters of importance, and, as a crowning mark of his favor, the Pope granted him permission to bestow the Archbishopric upon whom he pleased.

Don Torribio was at that moment not at Compostella, but on a visit to his son Benjamin, who was still in charge of his poor parish near Toledo. Upon his return, the Archbishop saved him the trouble of renewed solicitations. Advancing towards him, he exclaimed:

"My dear and faithful master, I have great news for you. Your grateful pupil has become a Cardinal, and your son shall have a high preferment if I have any influence in Rome. It was my intention to have appointed him Bishop of Badajos, but unfortunately my mother has prayed and begged me to give the appointment to her father confessor, the old Archdeacon in my former bishopric. It might be the death of her if I refused. Put yourself, dear master, in my place, and allow that I cannot help myself."

Don Torribio was fain to confess that he could not find fault with this proof of filial affection, and consented, upon his pupil's earnest request, to accompany him to Rome.

Hardly had they reached the Eternal City, when the death of the Holy Father was announced. Fortune still favored our quondam Archdeacon. The Cardinals, assembled in conclave, unanimously elected their Spanish brother to the papal chair.

The day following the solemn installation of the new Pope, Don Torribio sent in an humble petition praying for a private audience of his Holiness. Being admitted to the presence, he knelt before him, and kissed his toe, according to custom, whilst he offered congratulations to his former pupil upon his attaining the highest dignity on earth. With the greatest modesty, he then spoke of his former connection with his Holiness, and of his long and faithful services. He gently reminded the Pope of his promises, but refrained from asking any ecclesiastical gift for his son Benjamin. He ended by saying:

"Both I and my son have abandoned all ambitious hopes of advancement in this world. I am growing old, and we would be fully content if your Holiness would graciously bestow upon us, with your blessing, a small pension which will suffice to satisfy the modest wants of a philosopher and a simple priest."

While Don Torribio delivered his little speech, the Pope regarded him with some confusion, and hesitated a few moments before he replied. Then, rising from his chair, he addressed his old master thus:

"It has much concerned us to learn that you, Don Torribio, under pretence of cultivating the occult arts, in reality have commerce with the spirits of darkness. Wishing, however, to spare you, we give you our fatherly admonition to abandon your evil practices, and to atone by fasting and prayer and mortification of the flesh for the mortal sin you have committed; but our immediate command is that you forthwith depart from Rome. If within three days you are found within the borders of our states, you will, as a sorcerer, be handed over to the Inquisition to be dealt with according to your deserts."

Don Torribio listened calmly, a faint smile playing about his lips, while his deep, cavernous eyes were fastened on his former pupil and patron. Again he pronounced the three secret words, crossed the apartment, and opened the window. "Hyacintha," he cried, "*put only one partridge on the spit. I find his Reverence the Archdeacon will not honor me with his company at dinner to-day.*" At the words, as by a stroke of enchantment, the would-be (imaginary) Pope awoke from his dream. Instead of sitting in the papal chair in the Vatican, he found himself in the arm-chair in Don Torribio's study in Toledo. Glancing at the clock, he perceived that scarce an hour had elapsed since he came, and in that hour he had been Bishop, Archbishop, Cardinal, and Pope in Rome. He realized, with deep mortification, that he had indeed shown himself a thorough ingrate, and that all was a delusion, save the undeniable proof that he had given of a false and ungrateful heart.

Don Torribio, sitting opposite at the table, gazed calmly at his discomfited pupil. He rose and bowed gravely, as the Archdeacon, thoroughly ashamed of himself, made his way to the door without saying a word, and found his mule, which had not yet consumed his feed of hay. In deep thought he mounted his beast, and rode back to Badajos as wise as when he left it.

THE AUTHOR'S BOOMERANG.

HE frowns with reason: he has always said,
  "The public has no knowledge of true art;
The book of worth these days would not be read;
  'Tis trash not truth that goes upon the mart."

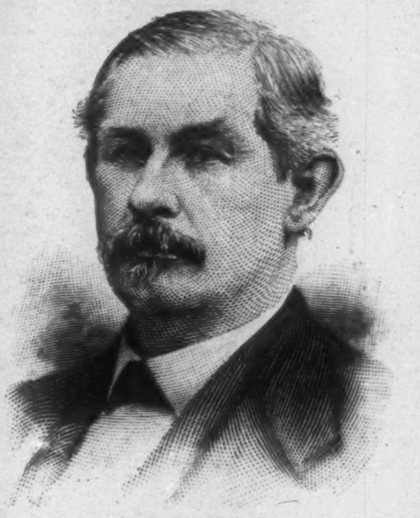
And thus was published his beloved work—
  Some twenty-six editions it has had—
And he his own conclusion cannot shirk:
  With such success as this it must be bad!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE GREAT FLOODS.

THE floods that are now slowly subsiding have been most widespread. The loss to life and property, as already recorded, has been immense, and the effect is far-reaching. The greatest damage in the West was done at Sioux City, where thousands of people were rendered homeless. And it was the poorer classes who suffered—the settlers and farmers along the river-bank and the railroads. Some have lost all their personal property in addition to the loss of friends and relatives, and it is doubly hard for these poor people to recover their little hold, having nothing upon which to build. Not this alone; for those who have been driven from their homes are obliged to rely upon the bounty of their luckier brethren for food, shelter, and clothing. Whole families have been bereft of absolutely everything they possessed, and their distress is appalling. Governor Boies, of Iowa, refers to this state of affairs in plain terms in his appeal for aid. For these poor people the future holds very little hope; the farmers who have lost their live-stock and their growing crops have a twelvemonth to wait before they can again build up their fortunes, and many others are in much worse straits. These are the effects of a disastrous flood, such as the one just passed has been, and the subsiding of the waters does not bring the desired relief, as many people unthinkingly imagine.

And all along the path of the waters the same story may be read, although in places the suffering may not be so great. In Mississippi and Arkansas the people, mainly negroes, were driven out of the bottom-lands by the hundreds, fleeing to the neighboring towns and cities for aid. To these poor folks, unable by nature to cope with appalling calamities, the flood has been a thing of great evil. The recuperative spirit of the Southern negro is very slight, and his ambition is fostered only under the most favorable circumstances; so upon the people among whom he has taken refuge falls the task of helping him upwards. Further to the south, where the Mississippi has overflowed the levees and flooded acres of growing sugar-cane and tobacco, the loss is felt by the planters mainly, although the field hands feel in a measure the result. It is reported in one case, where thousands of acres were submerged in a day, that three months must elapse before the fields will be drained of the waters, and that period of waiting means inaction to many people. This is but a tithe of the great story of the flood and its effects; the whole can scarcely be told. The full extent of the damage cannot be realized, and those who are beyond the immediate reach of the afflicted districts are unable to comprehend a small part of the calamity. Yet in a comparatively short time the flood will be forgotten, in the main, and the new era of prosperity will heal the now aching wounds, as past experience has taught.

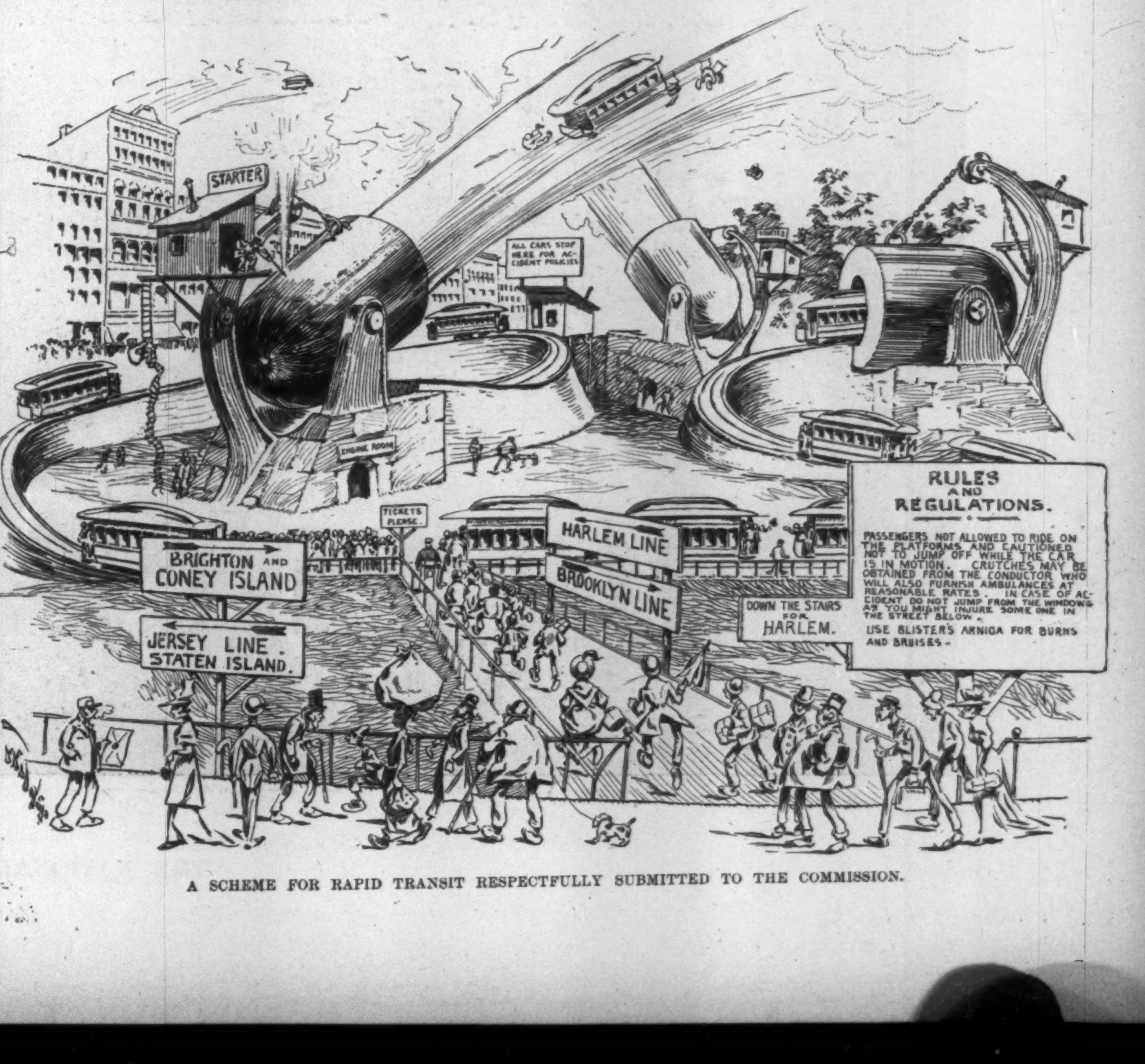


THE NEW SENATOR FROM VIRGINIA.

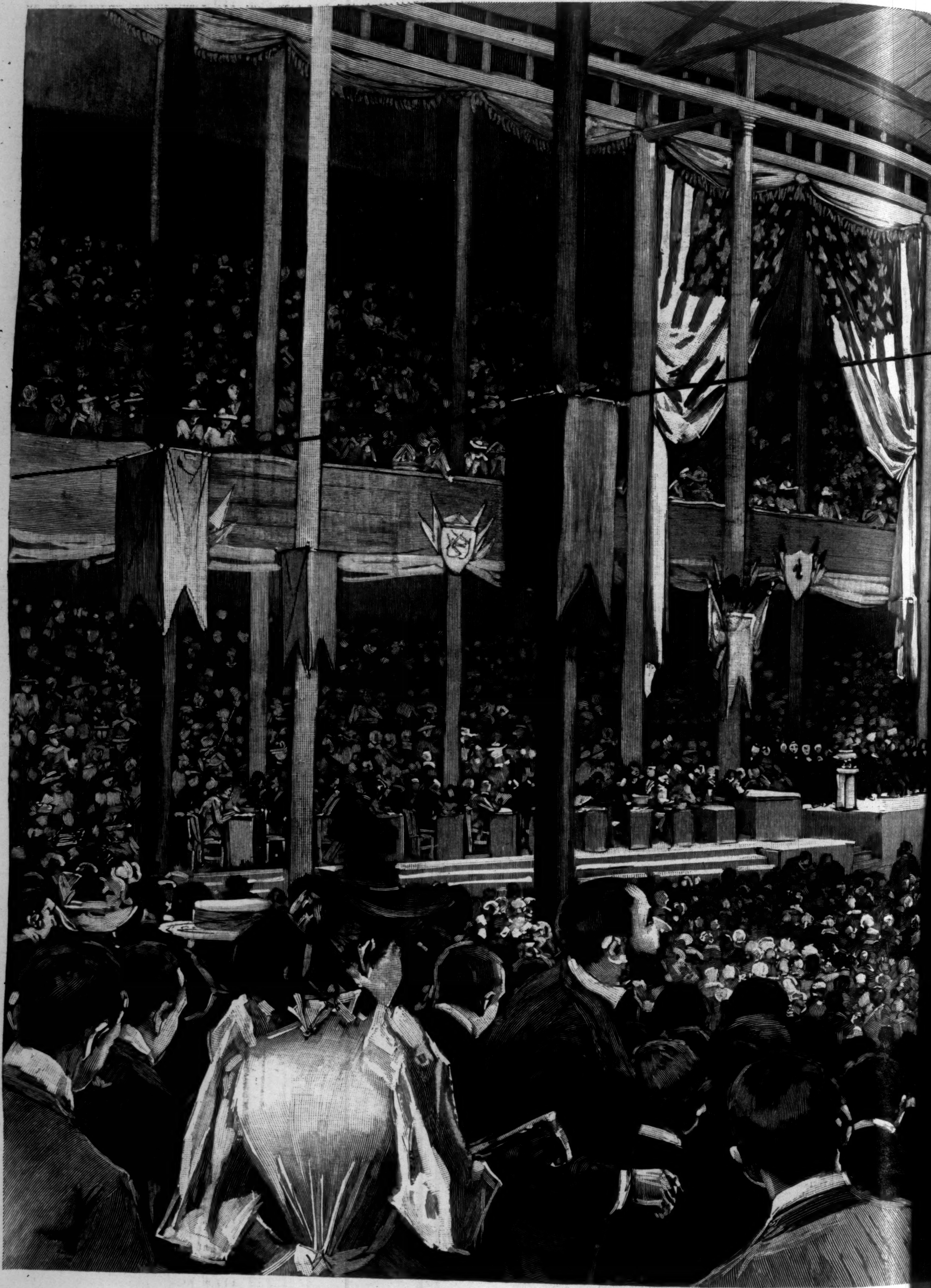
GENERAL EPPA HUNTON, under appointment made by Governor McKinney, became on the 28th of May last the Senator from Virginia, taking the place of the late John S. Barbour.

General Hunton was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, in 1823. Since his retirement in 1881 he has taken but little interest in politics. Throughout his State he is well known as having been the commander of the Eighth Virginia Regiment. He distinguished himself at Gettysburg for gallantry, where he was wounded, and afterwards, for merit, took charge of Garnett's brigade in Pickett's division after Garnett was killed. General Eppa Hunton's services as a statesman have been many. Having served four terms in Congress, he has been chairman of the Committee on the District of Columbia, and in the Tilden-Hayes contest was the Democratic member representing the South.

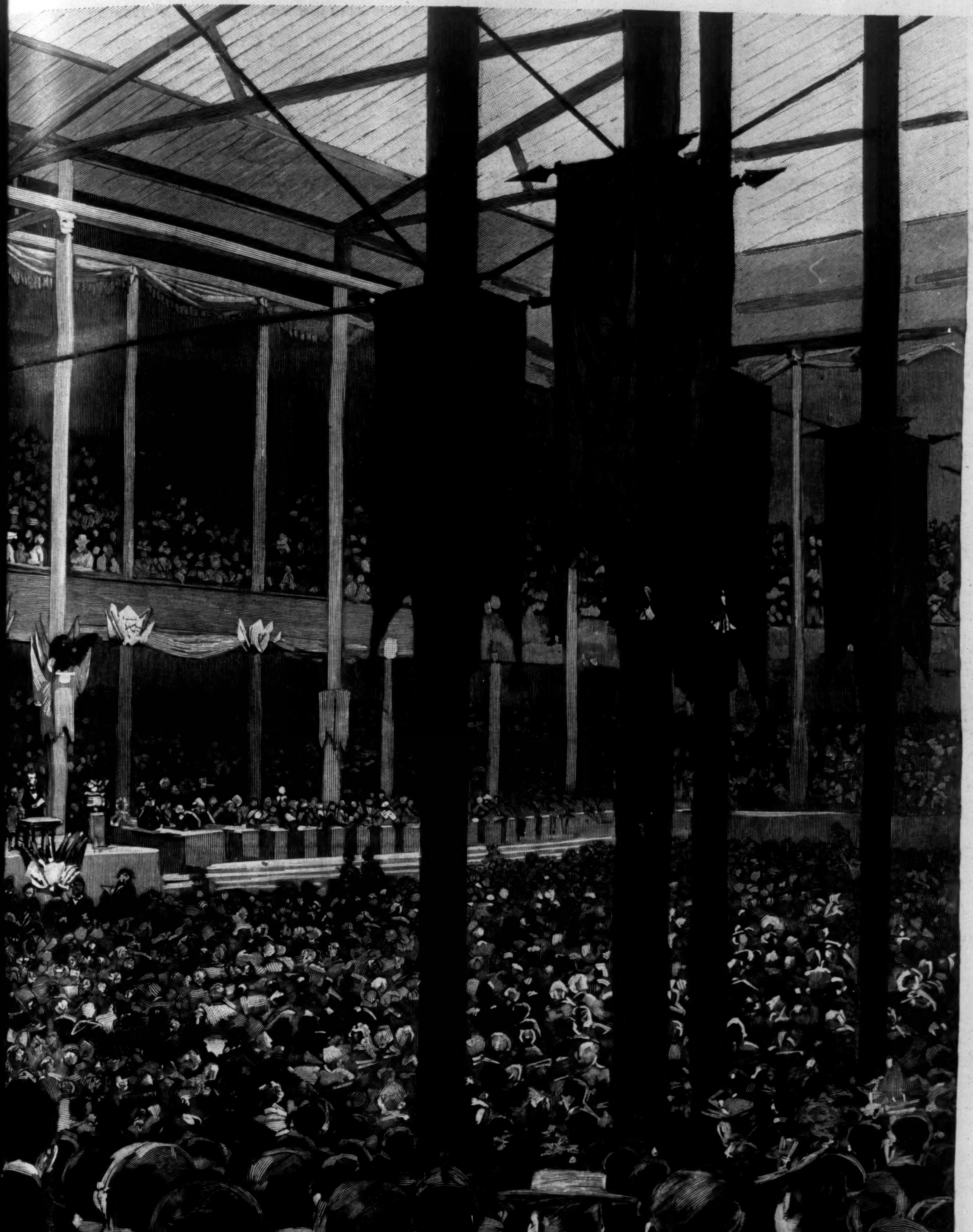
The appointment made by the Governor of Virginia will hold good, as far as General Hunton is concerned, until the meeting of the General Assembly, when that body will elect a Senator for the unexpired term, which extends to March, 1896. In the interim General Eppa Hunton, it is certain, will fill the position with distinction.


STARTER
ALL CARS STOP HERE FOR ACCIDENT POLICIES
ENGINE ROOM
TICKETS PLEASE.
BRIGHTON AND CONEY ISLAND
JERSEY LINE. STATEN ISLAND.
HARLEM LINE
BROOKLYN LINE
DOWN THE STAIRS FOR HARLEM.
RULES AND REGULATIONS.
PASSENGERS NOT ALLOWED TO RIDE ON THE PLATFORMS AND CAUTIONED NOT TO JUMP OFF WHILE THE CAR IS IN MOTION. CRUTCHES MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE CONDUCTOR WHO WILL ALSO FURNISH AMBULANCES AT REASONABLE RATES. IN CASE OF ACCIDENT DO NOT JUMP FROM THE WINDOWS AS YOU MIGHT INJURE SOME ONE IN THE STREET BELOW.
USE BLISTER'S ARNICA FOR BURNS AND BRUISES.

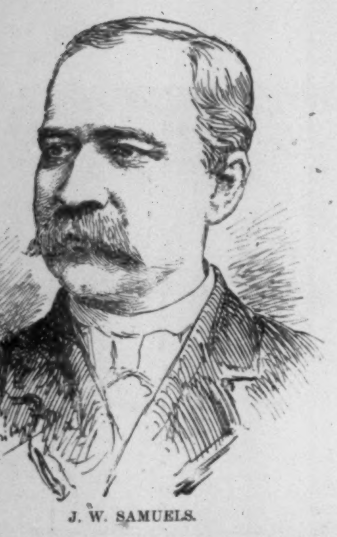
A SCHEME FOR RAPID TRANSIT RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED TO THE COMMISSION.



THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, IN SESSION



MINNEAPOLIS.—Drawn by Thulstrup and Graham.—[See Page 557.]



J. W. SAMUELS.

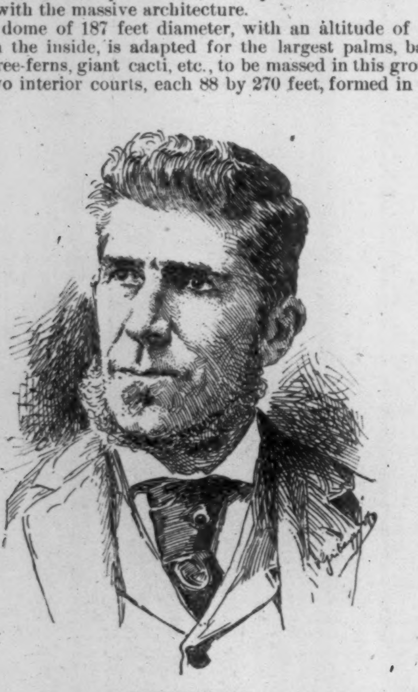
HORTICULTURE AT CHICAGO.

The space assigned to the Department of Horticulture for the exhibits of trees, shrubs, and plants which will be hardy, in the open ground during the time of the exposition, is the greater part of a beautiful island, with an area of about twenty-five acres. The exhibitors who are to make displays of deciduous shrubs, roses, etc., and such herbaceous plants as delphineums and pyrethrums, were instructed to have these permanently in place before May 10, 1892, and the installation of the nursery exhibit accordingly is made. Two hundred trees of rare varieties from Colorado are among those set out. Except in the case of those applicants requiring space for out-door plants early in the spring, the special assignments of space are not to be made until July or later.

The auxiliary greenhouses near the Horticultural Building, aggregating 25,000 square feet, to be used next year for recuperating plants injured from any cause, are now in use in developing the highest perfection in specimens before placing them on exhibition. In the eight large propagating houses, covering a space of 20,000 feet, the exhibitors also have the privilege of propagating plants of rare merit which cannot be transported from their distant homes. The remaining space is devoted to growing a reserve collection of plants with which to replace specimens that have ceased to be attractive, and for storing those whose season of beauty has passed.

As shown by the illustration of the Horticultural Building given in HARPER'S WEEKLY of June 20, 1891, this hall is of vast proportions, being much the largest structure ever erected for a horticultural exhibition. It contains about 89,000 square feet more of floor space than the combined floor areas of the buildings used for a similar purpose at the Centennial, New Orleans, and Paris exhibitions. This building, 1000 feet long and 287 feet in maximum width, finely situated, with extensive grounds surrounding it, is opposite the wooded island in the lagoon. The *basso* and *alto-rilievo* ornamentation in a frieze extending around the front and sides of the edifice, formed as a mass of glass with walls tinted ivory-color, is among the main features introduced for pleasing effect in connection with the statuary and fountains, and the plant decoration planned to be in harmony with the massive architecture.

The dome of 187 feet diameter, with an altitude of 113 feet on the inside, is adapted for the largest palms, bamboos, tree-ferns, giant cacti, etc., to be massed in this group. The two interior courts, each 88 by 270 feet, formed in the connection of this central glass dome by front and rear curtains with two end pavilions, are to contain the bearing orange-trees and other semi-tropical fruits from California and Florida, to illustrate the manner of growing and methods of cultivation. The front curtains, each 270 by 69 feet, constructed entirely with glass roofs, will be used for tender plants. The rear curtains, 346 by 46 feet each, not entirely covered with glass, are adapted to fruit-growing and other exhibits that will require a comparatively cool temperature. To heat the dome and front curtain sufficiently to provide a proper temperature for the tender tropical plants will require ten miles of one-and-a-quarter-inch steam-pipe.



JOHN THORPE.

The first stories of the pavilions, each 117 by 250 feet, are intended for the extension of the fruit display and for installing the viticultural exhibit in one, and horticultural appliances, seeds, etc., in the other. The chief part of the second story in each pavilion will be used for restaurants of elegant arrangement, the remaining space in the form of galleries containing garden seats, vases, etc.; and room for miscellaneous exhibits will be found in addition in a broad gallery encircling the dome inside, and giving a sheltered promenade overlooking the very attractive views in the grounds. A large amount of air space is gained by means of the exterior arcade running around three sides of the building, with this architectural treatment extended to the upper story of the pavilion.

An incomparably fine illustration of the floral life in two hemispheres is expected from all the signs given, the chiefs of the horticultural section having proposed to encourage by every means the best possible display of all meritorious exhibits in the various groups of pomology, viticulture, floriculture, culinary vegetables, seeds, arboriculture, methods and appliances of horticulture, etc., so as to embrace everything of professional and general interest.

Thus far only the chief of the department, Mr. J. W. Samuels, and the chief of the bureau of floriculture, Mr. John Thorpe, have been appointed. Chief Samuels is a Kentuckian, who brings well-attested administrative ability to the work. Having originally established the Louisiana nurseries after leaving college, he has been identified more recently with the Mississippi Valley nurseries at Clinton, Kentucky, in partnership with his father. He is a landowner in five different States, and has speculated on a large scale in fruit. He has travelled extensively in foreign countries, and is accredited with complete mastery of scientific horticulture. He is a member of various horticultural societies and a writer for horticultural publications. An exhibit was made at the New Orleans Exposition, for which his nursery firm was awarded thirty-five premiums and five gold medals. He has a reputation for performing well anything he attempts, and thus achieving entire success.

The characteristics of Chief Thorpe so long have given their impression that his name is revered universally among florists. The current assertion is not doubted that no living florist or botanist in the world has done more than he to elevate the standard of the delightful art of floriculture.

Under direction so promising, the most rigid system of selection has been necessary in dealing with applications for space in this conservatory. As the importation of plants is unencumbered by any heavy taxation, the foreign exhibition is likely to be proportionately expanded with that of our own country, from which alone the applications received before the end of 1891 were sufficient for filling the building several times over. Very interesting collections are to be sent from all parts of Europe, from Latin America, from Australia and New Zealand, from China, and from Japan, whence will be received a series of the remarkable dwarf fruit and other trees that are not more than two feet high when over a century old. The English horticulturists, conscious of pre-eminence in their art, and recalling the brilliant success of their rhododendron displays in the Centennial Exhibition, are certain to contribute a collective series of importance.

To encourage artistic installation, the Director-General counsels the selection of a special jury from the members of the regular group juries, with the view to an award being conferred for the exhibit showing the best and most satisfactory installation in each department. Many of the States and Territories of our country have planned complete herbaria of their flora, to be supplemented by casts, models, and wax imitations of their fruits. An elaborate classification is arranged for each group in this department. With the vine and its products in many forms will be shown the methods and apparatus for the production of wine and brandy, and in the pomology group, with fruits in every form of preservation, will be illustrated the methods of crushing and expressing juices, desiccating, making vinegar and cider, and preserving fruits by chemical means and by cold storage. As one class, with each group will be added the literature, history, and statistics of the subject.

The Lady Managers, who are doing much to arouse general enthusiasm for the exposition in various sections, are rendering valuable aid to the Chief of Horticulture in their search for the native flora, which they have proposed to make as exhaustive as possible.

From the floriculture establishments of the United States—reported at the beginning of this year as amounting to 4659, with nearly 39,000,000 square feet of glass, and estimated in value at $40,000,000—will be received, of course, a very attractive part of the collection. The plan arranged for this group, directed by John Thorpe, is attracting much interest throughout Europe, as well as in this country. He thinks he will make of it a grand success.

The work in the grounds assigned for the special use of this division is begun in the laying out of a rose garden, of which the chief expects to make a unique feature of the out-of-door scene. His plan is to make a perfect bower of roses one acre in extent, enclosed by a fence, on which are to be trained climbing roses of all kinds, practically shutting out the remainder of the grounds from the view of those inside the garden. "We shall have," he says, "fully 50,000 rose-plants inside this fence. It will be a sight worth coming many miles to see." He will show the treatment of colors in pansies in the spring of 1893 in an original way, and for that purpose is procuring seeds of the very best strains of this flower from all the noted growers in Europe and in this country.

Large aquatic tanks will be supplied, and the collection of water-plants is expected to be very complete. Such a display of orchids is expected as never has been within human vision. A specialty is being made of spring flowering bulbs, such as hyacinths, narcissuses, tulips, etc., and these will be massed in very large groups. "The groups of various plants, to be commensurate with the size of the buildings surrounding and the general features of the grounds," as the director explains, "will have to be immense, and the effects produced will be grand." The planting of not less than 100,000 tuberous begonias in the grounds is insured by promises now on hand, while many more will be shown inside the Horticultural Building. One line of this study is directed to the effects to be produced with the aid of thousands of incandescent lights.

Under the great dome in the centre of the building will be raised a structure in the form of a miniature mountain, around the base of which and on the gradual slope will be grouped exhibits of different tropical plants; above this, on the sides of the structure, will be placed fine specimen plants, which are being donated from most of the large conservatories in the country, many fine palms having been received that are from 40 to 50 feet in height. This miniature mountain will be treated with mosses and climbing plants, and cascade effects may be attempted. In the interior will be caves, where the effect of electricity on plant life will be scientifically tested, and experiments of this nature will be carried on during the season.

A plan like this can be only comprehended vaguely in advance by the mind untrained to floral conceptions on so vast a scale. Let darkness fall upon the eyes of none enamoured of Beautiful Earth without the sight of John Thorpe's rose garden and his plant mountain of the dome. E. T. L.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

WELL-GUARDED prison bars
Shut me from my own,
Nothing the silence mars
Save the wind's soft tone
Blowing o'er sandy plain,
Breathing sore despair,
Yet cast I forth this strain
On the midnight air.

Bear it, ye winds, afar—
Far across the sea.
Vibrate each prison bar
With its melody,
Crescent flies from the wall,
Crescent rides on high,
But o'er the mountains tall
Day and Freedom lie.

Speed back, ye western wind,
Seek the maid I love,
Tell her that Fate's unkind
All unkindness prove.
Whisper that Moorish chains
May be snapped apart
But add that earthly pains
May not change the heart.

Bear it, ye winds, afar—
Far across the sea.
Vibrate each prison bar
With its melody.
Crescent flies from the height,
But adown the skies
Crescent fades in the night,
Day and Freedom rise.

So shall Love's blessed day
Conquer all at last,
Darkness shall fade away,
Misery be past.
And in the ruined walls
Chains shall lie and rust,
Downward the crescent falls—
Downward in the dust!

Bear it, ye winds, afar—
Far across the sea.
Vibrate each prison bar
With its melody.
And as the music swells,
Trembling bars shall break,
Days lost in prison cells
Love will overtake.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

AMATEVR · SPORT

The fact of this department for last week going to press May 26th, owing to Decoration day falling on Monday, left us in an awkward position for the handling of the Intercollegiate Championships. A bit of retrospect is all that can be given space at this late day. The surprise of the meeting—there is always a surprise—was the poor running of Princeton's sprinters and milers. That Vredenburgh and Swain should not get even a chance in the final was indeed astonishing, while Woodbridge in the mile never at any time had life enough to spurt. Even Turner, although he did magnificent work, was not himself in the half despite his 1.59⅘. His being started in the quarter was poor judgment, and his fall in the final 440, 50 yards out, which of course retired him from the race, probably won him the half. Aside from Borcherling, who is as strong as an ox naturally, and the best intercollegiate walker we have ever had, Princeton did less with what she had than in any previous year of her athletic history. That with her comparatively large team she should secure only four points more than poor Columbia with her very meagre possibilities, is not much to the credit of the orange and black. Harvard, on the contrary, was in fine fettle, every man was trained to the day, and the team from New Haven was also in fine condition.

Yale's showing was the best she has ever made, though she got 7 points in the bicycle that probably would not have gone to her if Harvard's men had not fallen in a heap in the final. In Swayne and Allen she has two sprinters certainly as fast as any on the intercollegiate track. Whether they are faster in the 100 than Swain, Princeton, or in the 220 than Vredenburgh, Princeton, I am by no means satisfied until I have seen the two latter tested when in good condition. The race on the 28th was not decisive so far as the relative merits of these four men are concerned, for Princeton was not in condition to do herself justice. It looks as though Yale holds trumps, but the game is not yet at an end. Harding, Columbia, ran so easily, that if he were trained to run the 100 out, he might have something to say in the next meeting.

Sanford is a good man, and by next year should run at least 10 yards faster. Brokaw, Princeton, is a coming man, he seems to have more strength than any of them, and if he improves his sprinting in proportion, he will win the 440 from any of this year's men in college next year, Turner excepted.

Wright's, Harvard, win in the 440 proved that his heart is all right. He has had very hard luck every year, and his winning in this, his last year (although not within 15 yards of his speed last year), was deserved and well earned.

Lyman is another good man of Yale's, but he will never defeat Harding over the hurdles, and so is Cartwright, who is likely to make a new Intercollegiate pole vault record before he graduates. Fearing's high jumping was very fine. He did 6 feet ¼ inch easily, and could have done more. He secured 11 points for Harvard. Evins's work was of a high order with hammer and shot, and in the latter unexpected.

The games were not so well managed as usual. The infield was not kept cleared, and dozens who had no business there obstructed the spectators' view. The events dragged out chiefly because of the great number of entries. Here is a matter that must have the attention of the Executive Committee. There were scores of men entered who were utterly outclassed, and who were not equal to even a fair performance. Fancy men in the broad jump with 18 feet as their limit! There must be a *sifting* of entries next year, and no competitors permitted on the field unless in the regulation costume.

Under-shirt and trousers (cut off at knees) may be *de rigueur* at picnic games, but they are decidedly objectionable at the Intercollegiate Championships.

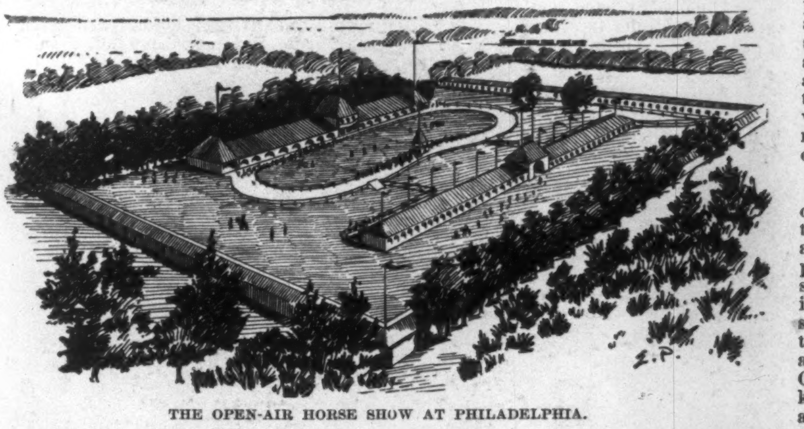
THE INTERCOLLEGIATE '92 ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS.

	Harvard.	Yale.	Princeton.	Columbia.	Winners.	Performance.	Intercollegiate Record.
100 Yards ...	..	7	..	..	Swayne, '95, Allen, '94, Craft,	10⅕ sec.	10 sec., L. H. Cary, Princeton.
220 Yards ...	1	7	..	..	Swayne, '95, Allen, '94, S., Brown, '92,	22 sec.	21⅘ sec., L. H. Cary, Princeton.
440 Yards ...	7	1	..	..	Wright, '92, Merrill, '94, Sanford, '94, S.,	50⅗ sec.	49⅘ sec., G. B. Shattuck, Amherst, '92.
880 Yards ...	2	1	5	..	Turner, '93, Corbin, '92, Wright, '92,	1 m. 59⅘ sec.	1m.57⅕ sec., W. C. Dohm, Princeton, '90.
Mile Run....	8	..	..	..	Lowell, '92, Carr, '93, Collamore, '93,	4 m. 33⅖ sec.	4m.29⅘ sec., C. O. Wells, Amherst, '91.
Mile Walk...	1	..	5	2	Borcherling, '93, Collis, '93, Bardeen, '93,	6 m. 52⅘ sec.	7m. 6⅘ sec., Lloyd Collis, Columbia, '93.
High Hurdles	1	2	..	5	Harding, '93, Lyman, '94, Fearing, '93,	16 sec.	15⅘ sec., H. L. Williams, Yale, '91.
Low Hurdles	5	1	..	2	Fearing, '93, Harding, '93, Eaton, '94,	25⅖ sec.	25⅕ sec., H. L. Williams, Yale, '91.
Bicycle	..	7	..	1	Fox, Brewster, '94, S., Knap, '93,	6 m. 10⅖ sec.	6m. ⅘ sec., R. H. Davis, Harvard, '91.
High Jump..	7	1	..	..	Fearing, '93, Green, '93, Kitchell, '92,	6 ft. ½ in.	6 ft., G. R. Fearing, Harvard, '93.
Broad Jump.	6	..	2	..	Bloss, '94, Ramsdell, '94, Green, '93,	22 ft. 1½ in.	22 ft. 11¼ in., Victor Mapes, Columbia, '91.
Pole Vault...	⅔	7	..	..	Cartwright, '93, Hart, '94, S., Towne,	10 ft. 5¾ in.	10 ft. 9¾ in., E. D. Ryder, Yale, '91.
Hammer	5	2	1	..	Evins, L. S., Stillman, '94, S., Wheeler, '95,	104 ft. ⅜ in.	107 ft. 7⅛ in., J. R. Finlay, Harvard, '91.
Shot	5	2	1	..	Evins, L. S., Lyman, '94, Beveridge, '93,	39 ft. 9 in.	40 ft. 9½ in., A. B. Coxe, Yale, '87.
Total......	48⅔	38	14	10			

Towne, Williams, tied Sherwin and Wheelwright, Harvard, for third place in pole vault, and wins medal on toss-off, but each gets ⅓ of points. C. C. N. Y. gets one point in 100 yards.

Philadelphia's Open-air Horse Show was a success from every point of view, and it is too bad we did not provide space to handle it more fully than we shall be able. The attendance during the four days was large, and the financial end of the affair is highly satisfactory. The management was first-class, and especially noteworthy when it is taken into consideration that this was Philadelphia's first effort, although several of the directors are men of marked executive ability in this direction. The success of the affair is due, probably, to Messrs. A. J. Cassatt, R. Ellis, and Charles A. Newhall more than any others of the committee, but all did their share to the desired end.

They were wise enough to hold no show at night, and in this respect the directors of our own Open-air Show might profit by following their example. The prize list was $10,000, and there were about 250 entries, the average of horses shown being decidedly high. Mr. Cassatt made a fine showing, and was especially successful, carrying off nineteen first prizes, which included the famous thoroughbred The Bard. Mr. Edward Morrell took a blue ribbon with Incarnadin, a magnificent specimen of the French coaching stallion; and I was very much impressed by the possibilities of a beautiful brown imported mare in the hunter class, First Choice, which belongs to C. E. Mather, the Radnor Hunt Master, and jumps like a deer; she secured the blue ribbon. The Bloodgood Stock Farm made a good showing, and secured five firsts, three seconds, and a third and fourth prize. R. Penn Smith's Merry Legs made up for his New York disappointment by winning two blue ribbons. The showing in the pony class by Mr. George Green was one of the show's features.



THE OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW AT PHILADELPHIA.

The Larchmont Yacht Club had a wretched day for its opening May 21st, but everything it could wish for in the way of weather, with a strong steady breeze blowing, for its first regatta last Saturday. There was one thing, however, its Regatta Committee must have wished for that it did not have, viz., skippers on the sloops *Clara* and *Oriva* who could intelligently interpret plainly printed instructions for starting. Owing to the stupidity of the *Oriva's* sailing master, she went over the line on the starting-signal for the schooner class, and the *Clara* rushed after her, while the *Wasp*, learning of the mistake, withdrew, and thus the race in this class was a fizzle, much to the disappointment of those of us who hoped to get a line on the *Wasp* by comparison with the famous English cutter *Clara*. Mr. W. Butler Duncan, who had the tiller of the *Wasp*, sailed out after the *Clara*, and in the little brush he had with her gained considerably. The *Wasp's* canvas was by no means in good shape, but she pointed high, and outfooted *Clara* none the less. Neither the *Oriva* or *Clara* finished, and the prize went to *Gulnare*, the slowest entry in the class, a most unsatisfactory ending of what should have been the best event of the day.

In the schooner class interest was centred in what the *Shamrock* would do in her first race under two masts. She had against her the *Fleur-de-lis*, *Atlantic*, and *Phantom*, but she took the lead soon after the start, was never headed, though closely followed by Mr. Trotter's beautiful boat, and crossed the line a winner by 5 minutes 26 seconds.

By far the most interesting event of the day was the race between the 25-raters *El Chico*, Maitland Kersey, and *Pyxie*, Oswald Sanderson. The former is a Herreshoff production, a fin keel, and looks like a canoe, but the way she goes through the water is simply astonishing, while as for tacking—she can very nearly turn in her own length. The *Pyxie* is a handsomer boat. She is a Gardner keel and fast, but from Saturday's performance it looks as though in a strong breeze she could not catch the Herreshoff freak, which crossed the line a winner by 12 minutes 34 seconds. Pictures of these two racers will be published next week.

The New York Yacht Club regatta on Thursday should be another opportunity for the *Wasp* and *Clara*. It is not likely any of the 46-footers will be seen for a time, neither the *Gloriana*, *Alborak*, *Harpoon* (*Beatrix*), or *Barbara* being in these waters, or even in commission, and will not be until the middle of the month.

If the windward work of J. R. Hooper's *Handsel*, a Herreshoff fin keel, in the Eastern Yacht Club's race for 30-footers Decoration day, off Marblehead, is any criterion of what we may expect from this class of craft, then, so far as racing is concerned, the ordinary keel thirties might as well stay at home. The *Handsel* met the cutter *Fancy* and the centre-board *Hawk*, both Burgess designs, and considered clever boats in Eastern waters. The *Hawk* took the lead at first, but held it only until all three were straightened out, when the fin keel, carrying only her lower sails, while the others had club-topsails set, went to the front, and held it, steadily gaining, until at the turn, eight and a half miles from the starting-point, she was a mile to the good. She lost only a little on the run home, and crossed the line fifteen minutes and a few seconds before the *Fancy*. The sea was a bit choppy, with a fresh breeze, but the *Handsel* went through the water easily. The result of this race lends new interest in the coming appearance of the endless variety of 21-footers, with their assortment of different kinds of keel.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the fact remains that in spite of the adverse reports which have been sent out from New Haven, the Yale crew is rowing well; and not only well, but also *fast*. Although individual faults are prominent, the crew, as a whole, moves well together. There is life and dash about its work, which speaks volumes for the efforts the men are making, and gives the crew an appearance that should inspire confidence among all Yale men. The oars catch the water sharply and fairly well together, are carried at a good level and rowed home. The hands are shot out quickly, with very little jar, and are well followed by the shoulders and backs. In the management of the slides the crew shows the result of most careful coaching; and with the exception of just at the catch, are all a coach could hope for. At this point in the stroke, however, each and every man settles too heavily upon his seat, and at the same time *lifts* too much with his shoulders. The effect of this general fault is to give an air of unsteadiness. To sum up, the Yale crew impresses me as being well above the average in point of skill, but a little below the average in general make-up and condition. Several of the men looked tired and worn the day I saw them, and much too fine for this season of the year.

Gallaudet has been laid on the shelf for a day or two to give him needed rest, as well as the crew an opportunity behind Howland's stroking, which is not a bad idea, for if the present stroke should go too fine, the practice behind Howland—who, although lacking the dash of Gallaudet, should be able to keep the crew up to its average work—would come in very handy. Gallaudet's strength should be husbanded; he is a good man, if they don't take too much out of him before the end of June. He has that highly strung nervous tension, invaluable when not overworked, but Hartwell must have a care. Johnson, at bow, does not finish his stroke nicely, nor take his blade out clean. It is too bad Rogers's inches are not more in proportion to his pounds. Balliett is much improved in his general form, he has quickened up a little with his hands, but Van Huyck, at No. 3, gets his hands away by jerks, with a stiff screwing of his body that some of the coaches should eradicate. Paine, at No. 4, has been well handled, and two or three of his worst faults almost taken away. He no longer meets his oar, as he did badly a few weeks ago; he drops over much less, and although he still lurches from side to side, he does not swing out of the boat. Groves, at 5, does not yet keep his back straight, and drops over occasionally; Hartwell, at No. 6, is still too long for the rest, and gets out late. Ives is an exceptional oar, but it strikes me he swings back too far for the real Cook fancy. Bob Cook, by-the-way, is now with the crew, and will continue his coaching uninterruptedly until the race.

While the Yale crew has steadily improved during the past two weeks, Harvard has steadily lost ground. Changes have been made which might as well have been effected earlier in the season, and in consequence the crew is somewhat demoralized. I am pleased to see Lynam at stroke, for he will put life into the crew, and will set the stroke himself. He is rowing in better form than he ever did in his life, but his blade work is wretched; he feathers under water, and consequently is rowing *short*. If Kelton backs him up, they will form a pair hard to beat in any eight that ever rowed.

Rantoul is back in the boat at two. Winthrop has been moved to four. Cummings does not appear to be recovering his strength very fast, and is doing some work in a pair oar; in the mean time his place is being taken by Bond.

Thus it happens that owing to frequent changes and lack of interest in their work, the Harvard crew to-day is much poorer than it was four weeks ago. In no other way can I account for it. The men are in perfect condition, have received good coaching, and are well boated. If they had made up their minds to defeat Yale, they would be rowing much better than they are now. To-day the odds are greatly in favor of the Yale crew, which is rowing longer, is better together, is better disciplined, and has every confidence in the man who is to coach them.

The Harvard crew is demoralized, divided against itself, does not care to exert itself, and has not the man coaching it wants. Coach Adams has done his very best by them, and it is a shame that they have not profited more from his teachings. What the crew needs is the presence of Mr. Keyes. He is the only man who can prevent Harvard from being defeated this June. If Keyes is unable to coach, as he now says he is, and the burden of it rests on Adams and Perkins, the outlook is bright—for Yale.

If the Harvard baseball nine does not win every game it plays this season, it will be because of a tendency to become a bit careless, and "let up" when a good lead has been secured. The work of the nine to-day, or rather on Decoration day, when it defeated Princeton, 9–4, speaks volumes for the skill and exceptionally good judgment with which it has been handled. It has been growing stronger, cleaner in its fielding, and snappier in its play, from the time of its first appearance, early in the season. There has been no retrograding, but a steady advance, and the result is highly complimentary to Mr. Winslow and to Captain Frothingham, not forgetting the men individually, who have worked like the veterans that indeed they are.

As for batting, no college nine in my recollection, or of which I can find any record, has ever equalled it. The work of the men with the stick is really remarkable; and what makes it especially so is that not only do they hit the ball hard and often, but they drive it with supreme judgment just where it will do the most good. Highlands has fulfilled the prophecy herein set forth early in the season, and has made a splendid record. He is very effective, though erratic, and his work against Princeton, May 30th, was the most brilliant he has shown. Comparing him with Young, I must still favor the latter, who, although not showing up so well on paper, has actually done better work. To hold down such a weak-hitting team as Princeton is nothing compared to a fair showing against a nine like Harvard, on which every man but Trafford is a slugger. That is only comparison, however; Highlands is a very clever twirler.

Mason has put up a strong game behind the bat lately, and deserves the place. Highlands tests him pretty often, and at critical moments, but he stands it as well as could any man on the field. Dickinson played a great game on first; he had innumerable chances, and accepted every one without an error. Cook made Harvard's only error, but he redeemed himself at the bat. Hallowell made a fine catch of a difficult fly, and followed by one of his beautiful throws to the home plate. Hallowell is the best all-round ball-player on the Harvard team; he never makes an error; he is always just where he should be, and does just the proper thing at the right time. He is a man you can count on athletically and otherwise, and is a credit to amateur sport.

Though Princeton made several inexcusable errors, they were outplayed, and are outclassed by Harvard; they never could win from the present Harvard team unless by a fluke. Brown supported Young well; and King, after making one fumble, accepted eight chances without an error. He played, in fact, a very brilliant game. Guild made two of the most senseless errors, while Ramsdell kept up his credit in the error column, though he made one of the runs, and did some extremely clever fielding. The out-fielders were poor; two flies that should have been gathered in were lost, and Wright failed to get one that would have saved two runs. The exhibition of ball-playing Princeton gives at times would be discreditable to a preparatory school nine, while again they play clean and hard.

There was one extremely pleasant feature of the Harvard-Princeton game, and that was the cheering by Harvard men of Princeton's clever plays, and the total absence of hooting her poor plays. This was in marked contrast to the attempts to rattle Highlands at Princeton. It was amateur baseball; it was gentlemanly. Let us have more of it. "Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

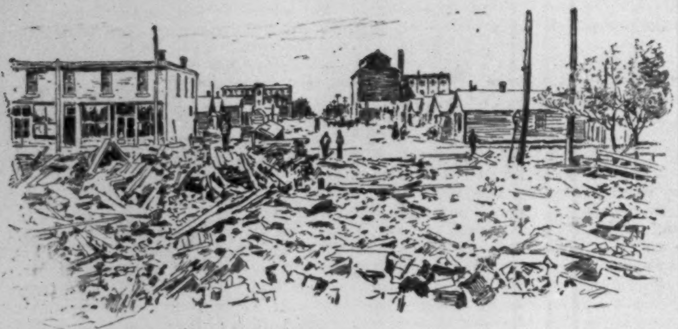
The Irvington-Millburn bicycle road race on Decoration day was a wonderful sight, and the most remarkable in its results of any of these very successful and interesting events. Over 100 men started, and the record for the course (25 miles) was beaten by 9 of them. The best previous time, 1 hour 27 minutes 11 seconds, had been made by W. C. Porter the year before. Howland Smith, who started from scratch, covered the distance this year in 1 hour 17 minutes 11 seconds.

The growth of interest in bicycling is simply marvellous, and the very fact of its being so generally taken up makes it impossible for us to handle it in the restricted space of this department. It is like kennel matters. Every dog has its day, they say; but there are so many more dogs than days, we can never do the subject justice. Every man who owns a dog thinks him worth a paragraph; and there are so many kennels all equally interesting that to pick out any one or two or half-dozen, as would be necessary in this limited space, would create an immediate howl. So in bicycling; there is so much going on that it would be wellnigh impossible to discriminate with satisfaction to those interested in this universal sport. Another year we shall have more space at our command, when this and others now neglected will be handled thoroughly.

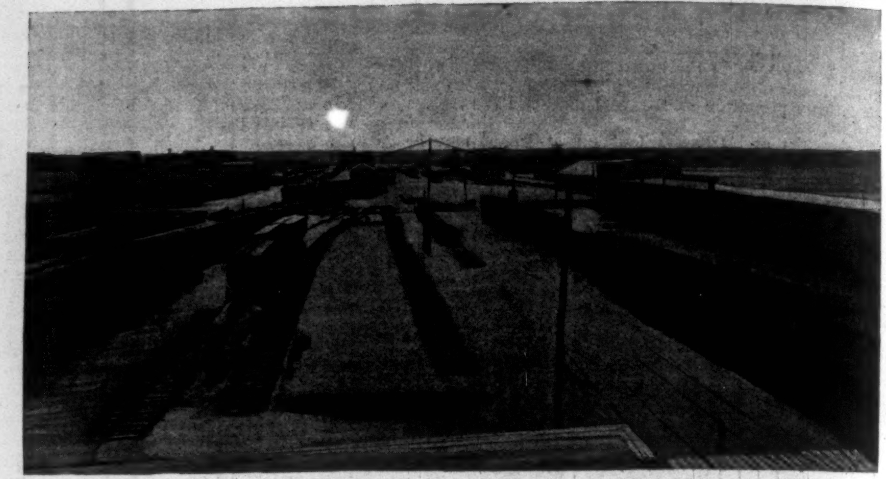
As surmised last week, E. L. **Hall** succeeded in defending the championship of the Southern Lawn-tennis Association without a great deal of difficulty. Rodman Beach and E. A. Wright came together in the finals, and the latter won the right to meet Hall for the championship.

These early tournaments seem to have slight attraction for the first-class players, for few of them enter, though it would seem to afford an excellent opportunity of getting in form. The tennis "cracks," however, guard their actual condition as zealously as do the college crews. The tournament of the New York club, usually one of the most important of the spring fixtures, was not so-interesting as last year. None of the prospective champions entered in the singles, though the appearance of Clarence Hobart and Miss Cahill in the mixed doubles was somewhat of an atonement. C. R. Runyon won the singles from S. Caspar Millett, 6–4, 6–2, 2–6, 6–2, much to the surprise of the wiseacres, and Hobart and Perkins took the doubles from the Runyon brothers, 8–6, 5–7, 6–0, 6–2.

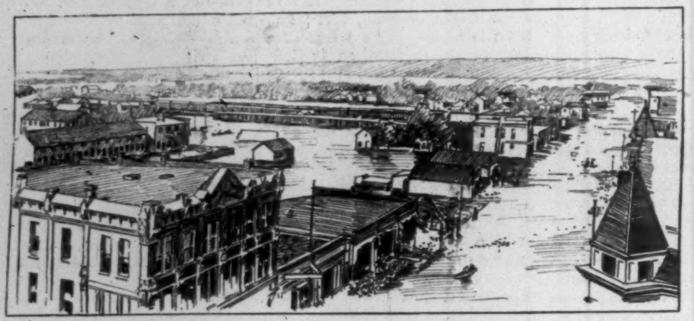
Caspar W. Whitney.



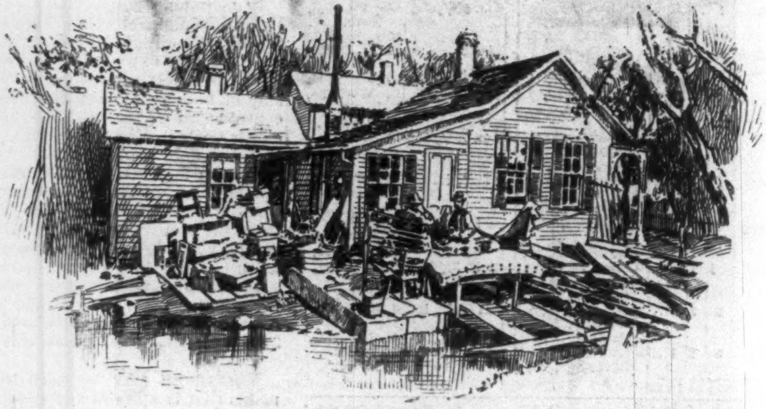
WASHINGTON STREET, WEST FROM STEUBEN.



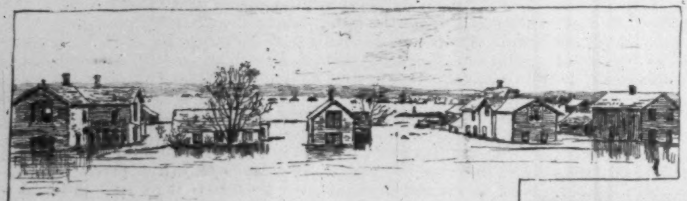
RAILROAD YARDS.



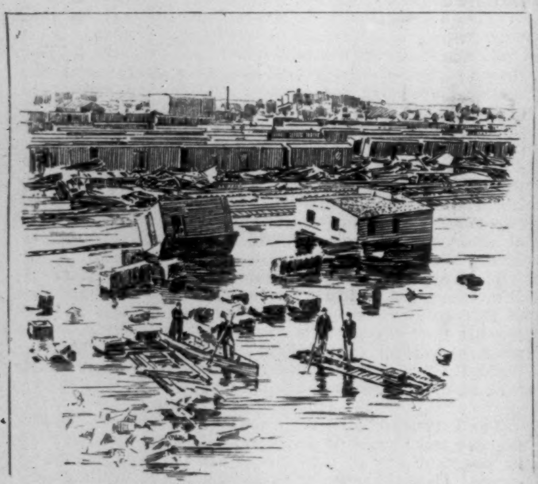
FOURTH STREET, LOOKING EAST FROM EVANS'S BLOCK.



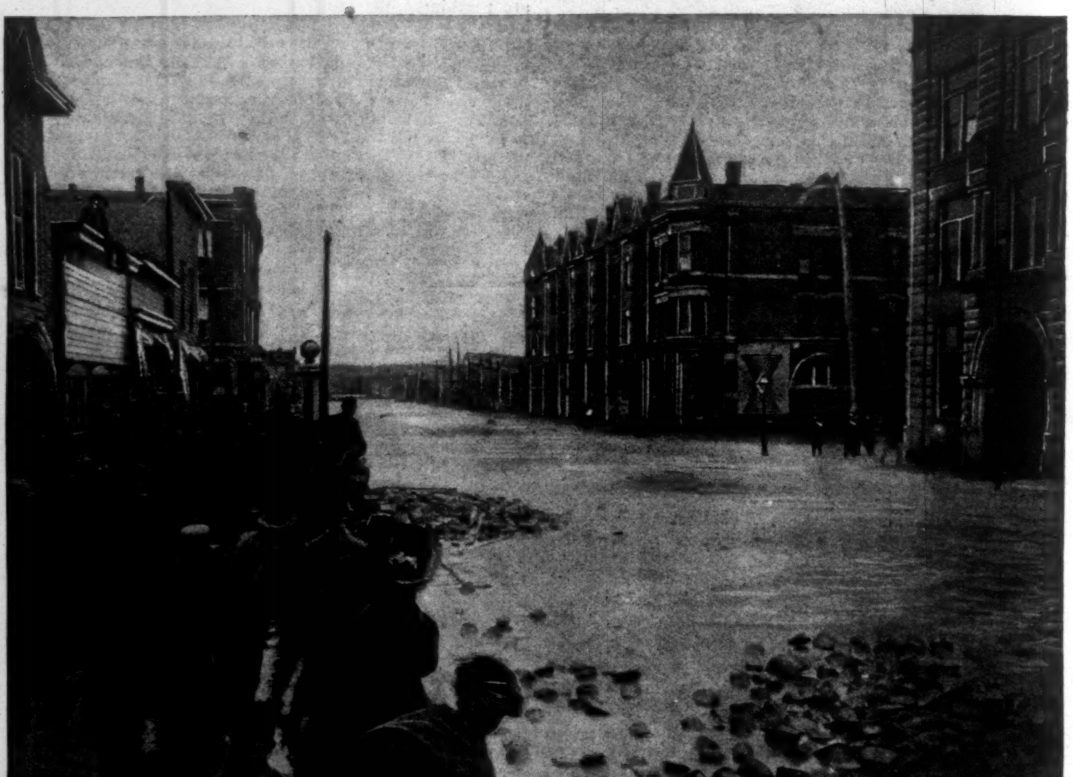
DRYING OUT.



FROM THE ST. PAUL ROUND-HOUSE.

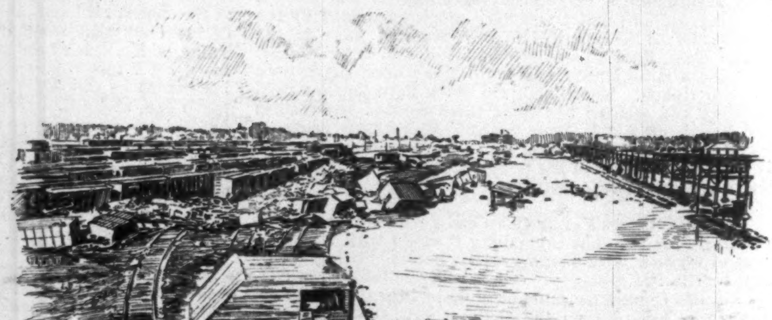


HOUSE FROM WHICH A WOMAN WAS RESCUED AFTER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.



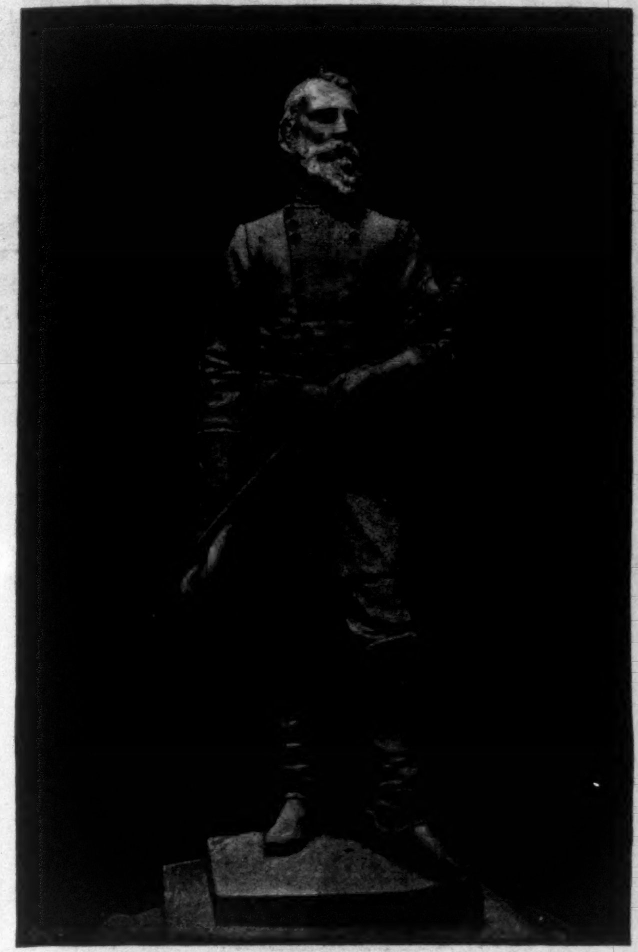
EVANS'S BLOCK AND HOTEL FOWLE.

EAST FOURTH STREET FROM COURT.



RAILROAD YARDS LOOKING WEST FROM L ROAD.

THE FLOODS AT SIOUX CITY, IOWA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 559.]



STATUE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. P. HILL.
Modelled by Caspar Buberl, New York, from a Design by W. L. Sheppard.

TO A HEAD OF LORD BYRON.

Some men their smiling fates endow
With power to please as soon as seen,
With charm of hyacinthine brow,
And symmetry of mien.

Such power was thine. Each story told,
With comment from thy burning eye,
By lips of such a godlike mould,
Claimed immortality.

Strange, radiant sorcerer! Thy spell
On man or maid had equal might
To make all heaven look dark as hell,
Or almost blinding bright.

For us who, in a colder age,
Aver thy lines want many a grace,
'Tis well if o'er th' impassioned page
We see thy proud young face.

Then, gallant heart, to shipwreck tost
By the world's madness and thine own,
We hear once more thy accent lost,
And thy resistless tone.

Theo. C. Williams.

THE HILL MONUMENT.

On May 30th the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of General Ambrose Powell Hill, who was one of the distinguished officers of the Confederate army, took place near Richmond, Virginia.

General Hill was a hard and heavy hitter and an able strategist. As one of General Lee's lieutenants, he covered the retreat of the main army through Virginia, and held for some weeks General McClellan's force in check. General Hill was killed before Petersburg April 2, 1865.

Overlooking the exact place where General Hill took command of his brigade the memorial stands. The figure is of bronze, and placed on a high pedestal, the whole measuring from base to crown thirty-four feet. The martial traits of the man have been perfectly carried out in the bronze. The statue of General Hill was modelled by Caspar Buberl, of New York, after the design of W. L. Sheppard, of Richmond, Virginia. The casting of the statue was made by the Henri Bennard Bronze Company. At the dedication of the memorial General James A. Walker, who had been in command of a part of Stonewall Jackson's brigade, gave a description of the many acts of bravery performed by his old chief.

The inscription on the base of the monument reads as follows:

A. P. HILL,
Born in Culpeper County, Va., Nov. 9th, 1825.
Killed before Petersburg, Ap'l 2, 1865.
Lieutenant-General and Commander of Third
Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia.
Erected by Pegram Battalion and his comrades
of the Army of Northern Virginia.

A LEGACY OF ANGUISH.

The rheumatic taint transmitted from parent to child is indeed a legacy of anguish. Moreover, trifling causes, such as sitting in a draught, the neglect to speedily change damp clothing, readily develop it. Whether rheumatism be hereditary or contracted by exposure, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the surest depurent for expelling the virus from the blood and for preventing the later encroachments of the disease. Equally potent is it in arresting malarious, bilious, and kidney trouble and constipation.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is a PURE, SOOTHING, STRENGTHENING FOOD, and its value in fevers, in inanition, and in all gastric and enteric diseases—especially in CHOLERA INFANTUM, CHOLERA-MORBUS, DIARRHEA, and DYSENTERY—has been INCONTESTABLY PROVEN, often being the only FOOD the stomach would tolerate WHEN LIFE SEEMED DEPENDING ON ITS RETENTION.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

FALSE ECONOMY
Is practised by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

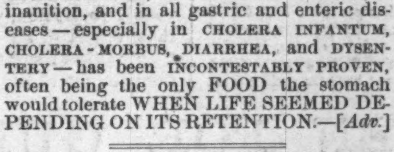
DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Secure a sound mind, which seldom goes without sound digestion, by using Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and the best.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA
"Best & Goes Farthest."

"*I said to Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Harris says I, Try* Van Houten's Cocoa."

MRS. GAMP.

Perfectly Pure.

Rich, yet Digestible, Stimulating yet Sustaining, Saving what Other Processes Waste—and Developing the Delicious Flavor and Aroma.

"Once tried, used always."
A Substitute for Tea & Coffee.
Better for the Nerves and Stomach.

☞ If not obtainable enclose 25 cents to either Van Houten & Zoon, 106 Reade Street, New York, or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a sample can, containing enough for 35 to 40 cups, will be mailed. *Mention this publication.* Prepared only by *the inventors,* Van Houten & Zoon, Weesp, Holland. a6.

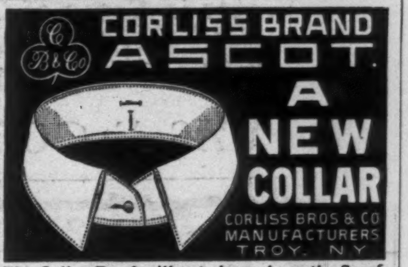
Apollinaris

"*THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS.*"

"Its long-continued
and world-wide use
attests its merit."

NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL,
February 13th, 1892.

C/B
C/B à la Spirite
à la Spirite
AWARDED GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION 1889.
BEST FITTING ON EARTH. CORSET
MAYER, STROUSE & Co. M'F'R'S. 412 B'WAY, N.Y.



The Collar Band will not show above the Scarf.

A good share of the value of anything dies with the varnish on it.

Yes; but the varnish don't die, unless it was made for a price or ignorantly.

The man who buys it and puts it on is the man to go for.

We have a "People's Text-Book"—free—but you must send for it.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.,
Franklin Murphy, President.
Newark, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

PLOWS' CANDY. Send $5.00 for a 5-lb. Box. Sent, prepaid, anywhere in U. S. Very handsome presents. 78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

The 1892 Model
Remington
Typewriter

EXCELS
In Quality of Work,
In Ease and Convenience of Operation,
In Simplicity of Design,
And Durability of Construction.

Send for an Illustrated Catalogue.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
327 Broadway, New York.

DRUM
CORPS
will be wanted
very much in the
PRESIDENTIAL
CAMPAIGN.
We supply U. S. Army
with all drums.
Send 6 cents in
stamps for our 100-page
illustrated catalogue.
THE
Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
CINCINNATI, O.

OUT-DOOR BOOKS.

Folly and Fresh Air. By Eden Phillpotts. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

How Women Should Ride. By "C. de Hurst." Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

Glimpses of Nature. By Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., F.L.S., etc. With 35 Illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25.

Upland and Meadow. A Poaetquissings Chronicle. By C. C. Abbott. 12mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

Waste-Land Wanderings. By C. C. Abbott. 12mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. Suggestions as to their Manufacture and Use. By Henry P. Wells. Illustrated. Small 4to, Ornamental Cloth, $2 50.

The American Salmon-Fisherman. By Henry P. Wells. Illustrated. Small 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

Camp Life in the Woods, and the Tricks of Trapping and Trap Making. By W. Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated by the Author. Square 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Farming. By R. K. Munkittrick. Illustrations by A. B. Frost, printed in tint. 8vo, Embossed Cover, $1 50. (*In a Box.*)

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price

KODAK

KODAK

"You press
the button;
We do
the rest."

THE EASTMAN CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Send for Circulars.

KODAK

"Opening
A Pot."
PAIRS

Copyrighted.

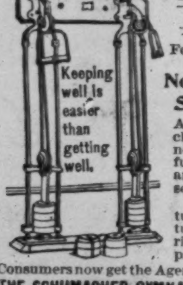
THE TRITON BRAND PLAYING CARDS

For beauty and quality unequalled. They are "SQUEEZERS," have SUPERB FINISH, PERFECT SLIP, and are double enamelled. The favorites in Parlor, Club and Camp. All Dealers have them. **SAMPLE PACK mailed on receipt of 25c.**

Be sure you see the word **TRITON** on the box and wrapper of each pack. Our **MASCOTTE BRAND** is the best 15c. card made. Ask your dealer for them.

N.Y. Consolidated Card Co., West 14th St., N.Y.

This is the FAMOUS **BOSTON CHEST WEIGHT**



For the Home or Gymnasium —the child or athlete.

Noiseless, Adjustable, Simple, Handsome.

A perfect and durable mechanical device which costs no more than the wonderful contrivances of string and iron which rattle and squeak and weary.

We are the largest manufacturers of Gymnastic Apparatus in the country. Come right to headquarters. It will pay you. Catalogue **Free.**

Consumers now get the Agent's discount of **25** per cent.

THE SCHUMACHER GYMNASIUM CO., AKRON, OHIO.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

Manufacturers and Importers of

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS, MATERIALS, CHEMICALS, AND SUPPLIES.

Detective and view Cameras in great variety of styles and prices. Lenses, shutters, dry plates, etc., etc.

THE BEST TEXT-BOOKS ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

Free use of dark room on main floor of our store.

Fifty Years Established. **Send for Catalogue.**

Louis Hermsdorf
Dyer

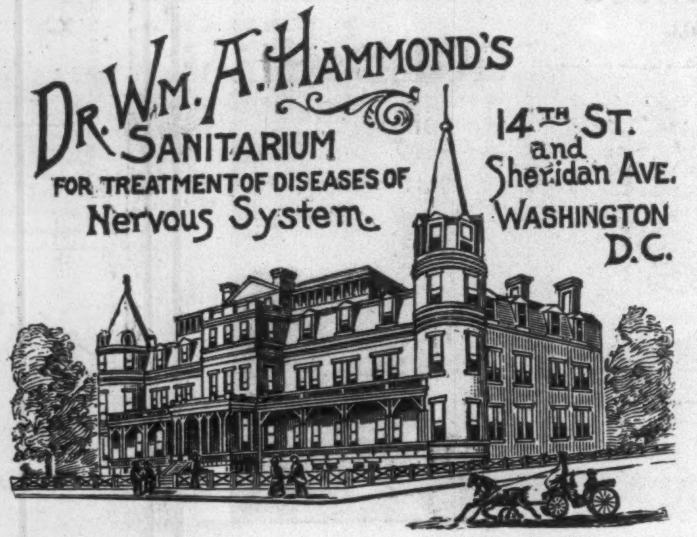
Always require the stamp of HERMSDORF on Black Stockings, Socks and Gloves. This is the only guarantee of a PERFECT FAST BLACK.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER.

NATURE'S GREAT REMEDY FOR EXCESS OF URIC ACID IN THE BLOOD.

ITS ESPECIAL VALUE IN NERVOUS PROSTRATION AND OTHER NERVOUS DISEASES COMPLICATED WITH LITHEAMIA. IN SUCH CASES IT ACCOMPLISHES ASTONISHING RESULTS, AFTER A FAILURE OF THE CARBONATE OF LITHIA, THE PHOSPHATE OF AMMONIA, AND OTHER SO-CALLED SOLVENTS OF URIC ACID.

IT EVIDENTLY, THEN, POSSESSES SOME EXTRAORDINARY VIRTUE APART FROM THAT ASCRIBED TO LITHIA.



Note relative to the Buffalo Lithia Water, by Wm. A. Hammond, M.D., Surgeon-General U. S. Army (retired), formerly Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System, University of New York.

[IN AN ARTICLE WIDELY COPIED INTO THE LEADING MEDICAL JOURNALS IN THE COUNTRY:]

"There is a point in relation to the therapeutical efficacy of the BUFFALO LITHIA WATER which has not as yet, I think, received sufficient attention. It is well known that many cases of diseases of the NERVOUS SYSTEM are complicated with LITHEAMIA, and that unless this condition is removed a cure is very often retarded, and not infrequently entirely prevented. It is quite commonly the case that in CEREBRAL CONGESTION producing INSOMNIA, NERVOUS PROSTRATION resulting from over-mental work or much emotional disturbance, and in epilepsy (to say nothing of many cases of insanity) an excess of URIC ACID in the blood is often observed. This state appears to be altogether independent of the character of the food, for, no matter how careful the physician may be in regard to the diet of his patient, the LITHEAMIC condition continues. I have tried to overcome this persistence by the use of phosphate of ammonia and other so-called solvents for uric acid, but without notable effect.

"Several years ago, however, I began to treat such cases with BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, with a result that was as astonishing to me as it was beneficial to the patient, so that now in all cases of nervous diseases under my charge in which there is an excess of URIC ACID in the blood, I use the BUFFALO LITHIA WATER in large quantities. By this I mean that I do not have the patient drink merely a tumbler or two in the course of the day, but that I flood him, so to speak, with the water, making him drink a gallon, or even more, in the twenty-four hours. By this course the urine after a few days ceases to deposit uric-acid crystals on standing, the morbid irritability of the patient disappears, the tongue becomes clean, the wandering pains in the head are abolished, and the system is rendered much more amenable to the special treatment which may be necessary for the cure of the disease from which the patient suffers.

"I have tried CARBONATE OF LITHIA dissolved in water in various proportions, BUT IT CERTAINLY DOES NOT, in cases to which I refer, have the same effect as BUFFALO LITHIA WATER.

"WASHINGTON, D. C., January 25, 1892."

Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatism, Stone of the Bladder, Renal Calculi, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Neuralgias, Nervous Prostration, various forms of Dyspepsia, etc., etc., have their origin in an excess of Uric Acid in the Blood. It goes, then, without saying that Buffalo Lithia Water is a powerful remedial agent in these maladies.

SPRINGS OPEN FOR GUESTS JUNE 1.

Water in Cases of One Dozen Half-Gallon Bottles, $5.00, f. o. b. Here.

DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS SENT FREE.

THOMAS F. GOODE, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

ASTHMA AND HAY-FEVER

There is **NO** *SURE CURE FOR EVERY CASE OF ASTHMA* or *EVERY CASE OF HAY FEVER,* but the worst cases, *if uncomplicated by organic disease,* can be **CURED TO STAY CURED** *by constitutional treatment,* and this at the patient's home.

We treat no one without a thorough knowledge of the case.

Incurable Cases Declined.

Examination free by mail.

We want name and address of every sufferer from Asthma or Hay Fever.

P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D., BUFFALO, N. Y.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.

A DELICIOUS **REMEDY** FOR ALL FORMS OF **INDIGESTION.**

1-3 of an ounce of Pure Pepsin mailed on receipt of 25c.

CAUTION—See that the name **Beeman** is on each wrapper.

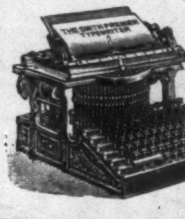
Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.

ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

"Improvement the Order of the Age."

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.



has just received from the U. S. War Department, Washington, **an order for 150 machines,** the largest order ever given for typewriters by any government or corporation.

This decision was based upon the many improvements and the superior mechanical excellence of the Smith Premier over all other typewriters.

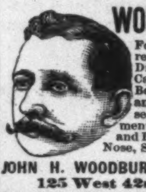
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

BRANCH OFFICES:

New York, 293 & 295 Broadway.
Philadelphia, 335 Chestnut St.
Chicago, 154 Monroe St.
Omaha, Neb., 1609½ Farnam St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., 214 Wood St.
Cincinnati, Ohio, 166 Walnut St.
St. Louis, Mo., 308 No. 7th St.
Denver, Colo., 1629 Champa St.
Baltimore, Md., 11 East Baltimore St.
Buffalo, N. Y., 44 Niagara St.
Rochester, N. Y., 407 Powers' Block.
Detroit, Mich., 101 Griswold St.
St. Paul, Minn., Chamber of Commerce Building.
Boston, 25 School St.
Minneapolis, Minn.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP



For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of **10c.**; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 125 West 42nd Street, New York City.

Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

BICYCLE TO BOYS AND GIRLS UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE, ON EASY CONDITIONS WITHOUT ONE CENT OF MONEY. **FREE** Western Pearl Co., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

$5 per day and up; easy work, either sex. No peddling; no capital. Package (express prepaid) for 20c. silver. Drawer P, KANSAS CITY, MO.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.

$12 Buys a $65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for **FREE CATALOGUE.**

OXFORD MFG. COMPANY, DEP'T CHICAGO, ILL.

The Superior MEDICINE
for all forms of
blood disease,
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
the health
restorer, and health
maintainer.
Cures Others
will cure you.

This cut shows the novel construction and extreme simplicity of the "National" finger-key action.

There are practically but three simple pieces of strong steel.

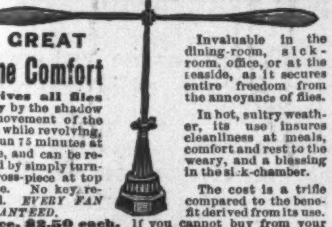
Note the absence of all complication and the simple, positive, direct action that saves hundreds of parts in constructing the "National."

'NATIONAL' Typewriter.

"IRRESPECTIVE OF PRICE—THE BEST."
THE BEST and Most Complete STANDARD WRITING MACHINE made.
Positively the BEST and the only PERFECT MANIFOLDER made.
We Sell under Guarantee of SATISFACTION.
Standard Keyboard.

Embodies every good quality found in other writing machines, and has many points of superiority all its own. Write us for specimen Many-Color work and illus. pamphlet, giving full detail, price, and fac-simile of key-board-

National Typewriter Co. 715, 717, 719 Arch St. Philadelphia.



THE FOWLER IMPROVED
KEYLESS FLY FAN.

A GREAT
Home Comfort
It drives all flies away by the shadow and movement of the wings while revolving. Will run 75 minutes at a time, and can be rewound by simply turning cross-piece at top of base. No key required. *EVERY FAN GUARANTEED.*

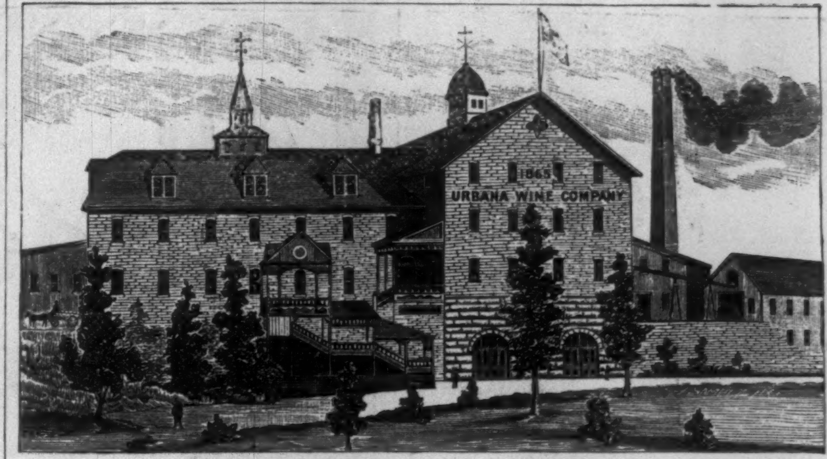
Invaluable in the dining-room, sick-room, office, or at the seaside, as it secures entire freedom from the annoyance of flies.

In hot, sultry weather, its use insures cleanliness at meals, comfort and rest to the weary, and a blessing in the sick-chamber.

The cost is a trifle compared to the benefit derived from its use.

Price, $2.50 each. If you cannot buy from your hardware or house-furnishing dealers, write to
MATTHAI, INGRAM & CO., Baltimore, Md.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

A CENT SENT BENT,
a postal, asking for Catalogue B, will bring it, and a letter explaining how you may get a
$1000 PIANO or $300 ORGAN FREE
by writing the best, or second best, 10 lines of poetry, on the beauty, and merits in tone, touch, and durability of the
"CROWN" PIANOS & ORGANS.
GEO. P. BENT, MFR. CHICAGO, ILL.



URBANA WINE CO.
GOLD SEAL CHAMPAGNE.
PRONOUNCED BY CONNOISSEURS
THE BEST NATURAL SPARKLING WINE PRODUCED IN AMERICA.
Also a full line of Well-Ripened and Pure SWEET CATAWBA, DRY CATAWBA, PORT, SHERRY, CLARETS, and BRANDY,
Made Exclusively from Grapes.
☞ For sale by all leading Wine Dealers and Grocers. HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y.

Financial.

Letters of Credit.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.
Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, NO. 59 WALL STREET.

6% OR 8% INTEREST PAID TWICE A YEAR.

Invest your money in our **6%** or **8%** interest bearing bonds, $100 up, and draw **your interest TWICE A YEAR.** All funds invested in first mortgage on Western real estate worth double the amount of the loan.

The Most Conservative Company in the West.

Capital Stock	$5,000,000
Subscribed Stock	2,200,000
First Mortgage on Real Estate	200,000
Real Estate (City)	53,000

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS
Men of well known integrity and business ability.
GOV. HORACE AUSTIN, Minnesota.
CONGRESSMAN HORACE B. STRAIT, Minnesota.
GEN'L F. W. SEELEY, St. Paul.
MAJ. E. D. LIBBEY, St. Paul.
MR. HENRY W. KNAPP, St. Paul.
MR. D. M. MONTEITH, St. Paul.

REFERENCES
R. G. Dun's Commercial Agency.
Bradstreet's Commercial Agency.
St. Paul & Minneapolis Mortgage, Loan & Trust Co.
Germania Bank, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Gov. A. R. McGill, St. Paul.
Hon. Moses E. Clapp, Attorney General, Minnesota.

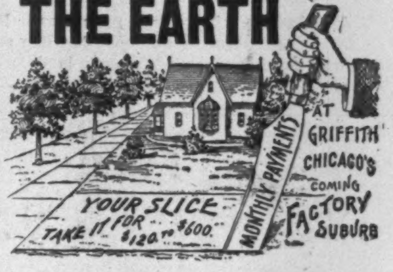
Send for our Prospectus and Financial Statement.
☞ Liberal Commission paid to responsible local or traveling agents.

North American
Savings, Loan and Building Co.
42-43-44 Germania Bank Bldg., ST. PAUL, MINN.

10% NET TO INVESTORS! on FIRST MORTGAGE Improved Property Loans. Titles guaranteed. Personal attention given to every detail. Best references. Send for sample notes and mortgage used.
JOSEPH P. BACHE, Salt Lake City, Utah.

8% GOLD MORTGAGES!
On Inside Improved Property in **TACOMA.** SECURITY ABSOLUTE. Payable with New York Exchange. **Best References.** Address, **Wm. E. Smith, Investment Banker, Tacoma, Wash.**

A BIG SLICE OF THE EARTH



Lots one-tenth to one-fifth down, balance $4 to $15 monthly, 6% interest. Free abstract. Title perfect. **GRIFFITH** has the two fuel oil pipes of the Standard Oil Co., and four great railroads, one of them a Belt Line which encircles Chicago and connects with all her railroads. No other point has all these advantages. **They are bringing factories and factories will soon make GRIFFITH a great city.** We tell all about it FREE; only waiting for your address; here is ours:

JAY DWIGGINS & CO.,
Founders and Promoters of Griffith.
ROOM 480. 134 WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

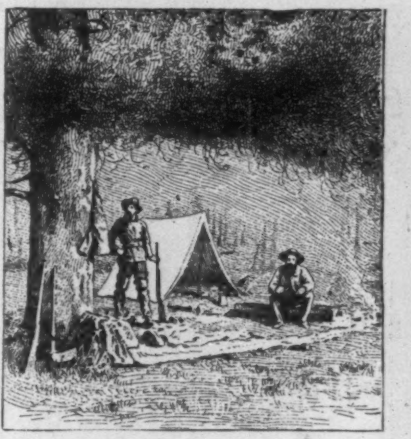
"THE CITY OF SMOKE-STACKS."
EVERETT STATE OF WASHINGTON.
Choice Business, Manufacturing, and Residence Lots in centre of city for sale cheap. **John E. McManus, Owner and Broker.** Everett is the commercial terminus of the Great Northern Railway, and the city that John D. Rockefeller, Chas. L. Colby, and other capitalists are building on **Puget Sound.**
Only Six Months Old and Over 3000 Inhabitants.
☞ **Money Loaned and Invested for Non-Residents.**

READ THIS!
UPON receipt of any sum of money, large or small, I will buy **Real Estate** in the name of any person named by the investor, and will **Guarantee the Principal and TEN Per Cent.,** together with **half the profit that may accrue** from such investment, and sell the property within a period of from three to five years, as may be agreed.
E. N. OUIMETTE, - - - - Tacoma, Wash.
Reference: WASHINGTON NATIONAL BANK, TACOMA.

8 Per Cent. Net to both large and small Investors. Investigate our Investment Share Certificates. 10 per cent. down, 3 per cent. per month buys Italian Prune Farms. CROPS AND BANKS NEVER FAIL IN OREGON. Send for our new Prospectus. FARM TRUST & LOAN CO., Portland, Ore.

KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP
LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.
An Ideal Complexion Soap.
For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers, or if unable to procure this **Wonderful Soap** send **25 cents** in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.
JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.
SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society Waltz) sent **FREE** to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

SUMMER
NOW IS HERE.

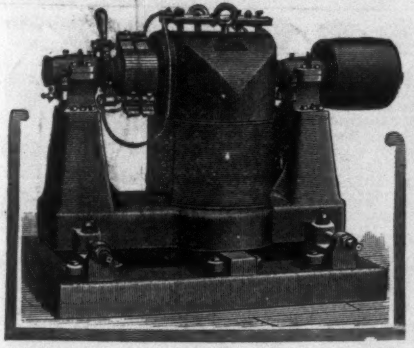


I know where the timid fawn abides
In the depth of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad and the thicket hides,
With its many stems and its tangled sides,
From the eye of the hunter well.

For list of Summer Resorts in Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, and Iowa, send your address, with two-cent stamp, to GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Gen. Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

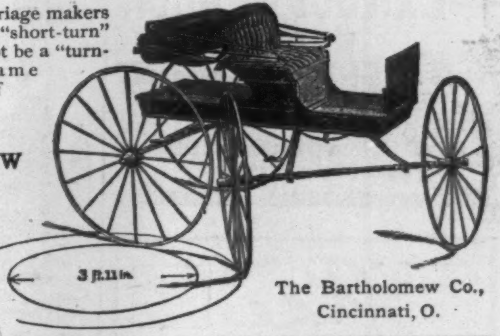
RAMBLER BICYCLES.
—BEST—
and
MOST LUXURIOUS.
G. & J.
PNEUMATIC TIRE.
Great!!
HAVE YOU SEEN IT?
atalogue, and "**Bicycling for Girls, from a Medical Standpoint,**" on application.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
221-225 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
178 olumbus Ave., BOSTON.
1325 14th St., N. W., WASHINGTON.
1769-1771 Broadway, NEW YORK.

CRIPPLES, Ladies and girls, if you want air or exercise, buy a Fairy Tricycle—*foot or hand power* **BICYCLES.** Cheap for all.
Address
FAY MFG. CO., Elyria, O ..o.



Card Electric Motors
hoist heavy loads to any height, without either smoke and noise, or the expense of engineer, fuel and water, or danger from explosion.
Write for illustrated catalogue.
The Card Electric Motor & Dynamo Co.
CINCINNATI, O.

For fifty years carriage makers have tried to invent a "short-turn" vehicle that would not be a "turn-under." Success came with the invention of
The Bartholomew Wagon.
The Short-turn device and the other merits, of which there are many, are described in an illustrated catalogue, which, with address of local agent, will be sent free to any one.



The Bartholomew Co.,
Cincinnati, O.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	*Postage Free,*	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	"	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	"	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	"	2 00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft.

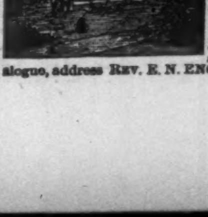
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

20% SAVED in buying a **BICYCLE.** We have no agents, but sell direct to riders and save them agent's discounts. Standard makes. Full guarantees. Send 6c. in stamps for catalogue & particulars—20 styles cushion & pneumatics.
DIRECT DEALING CYCLE CO.,
Box 592, Baltimore, Md.

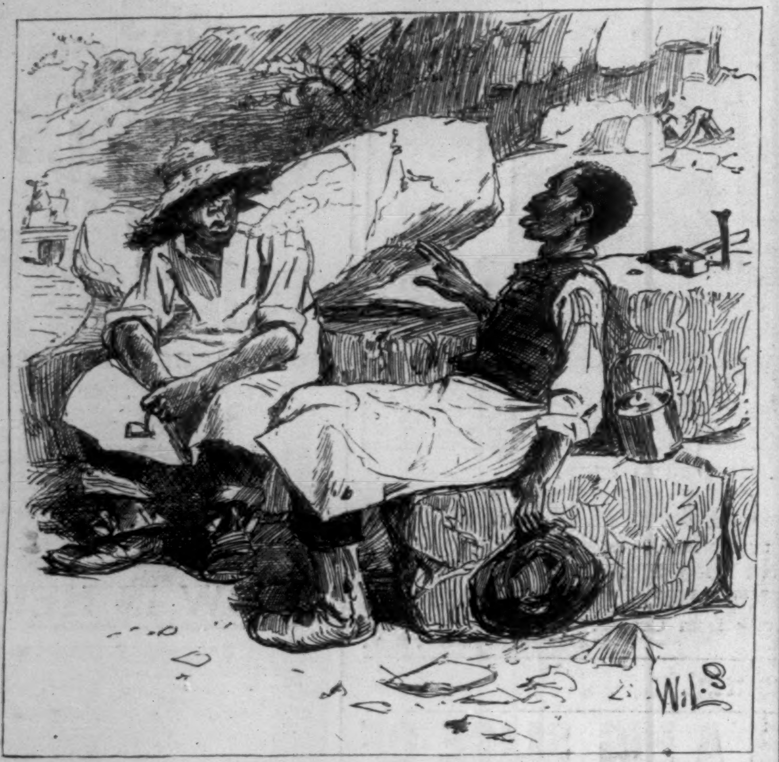
18th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).
THE HUMAN HAIR,
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

The most perfect toilet powder is
LA VELOUTINE FAY
Special Poudre de Riz
Prepared with bismuth by **CH. FAY,** Perfumer, 9, r. de la Paix, Paris
USE NONE OTHER
Caution. — None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

Educational.



Hellmuth College,
LONDON,
Ontario, Canada.
For Young Ladies & Girls. Beautiful Home. Healthy Climate. Full Academic Course. Music, Art, Elocution, etc. Passenger Elevator. 150 Acres. Students from 25 Provinces and States. For illus. catalogue, address REV. E. N. ENGLISH, M. A., Principal.



MODERN EXPLOSIVES.

"Talkin' 'bout 'splosives, dis yer dymonite's de splodinist thing ever I come crost. Dere wuz a man wukkin longer us in de rock-cut on de railroad, which he had on a hat like yone. Well, sah! de stuff went off somehow, and when we foun' him over de mountain in de udder county hit had done blowed him thro' his hat, an' de brim wuz 'roun' his ankles."

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed,

Is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

Liebig Company's
Extract of Beef.
BEST
PUREST BEEF TEA CHEAPEST
INVALUABLE
in the Kitchen for Soups, Sauces, and Made Dishes.

Established 1836.

Rae's Lucca Oil

Sold by all first-class dealers.

Is unquestionably the perfection of Olive Oil.

The First Analysts in the World pronounce it Pure

S. RAE & CO. - - - - - - LEGHORN, ITALY.

AGENTS WANTED—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1664, Portland, Maine.

A Graceful Act

Of hospitality is to offer your evening guests a cup of Bouillon before leaving. Use Armour's Extract of Beef and boiling water; add salt, pepper and a thin slice of lemon to each cup. Serve with plain crackers.

Armour & Co., Chicago.

Victors

HIGHEST GRADE

CATALOGUE FREE

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.
BOSTON. WASHINGTON. DENVER. SAN FRANCISCO.
A. G. SPALDING & BROS., Special Agents,
CHICAGO. NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA.

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD,"

NEW YORK CENTRAL
& HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD,

FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.

Reaching by its through cars the most important commercial centers of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's Health and Pleasure resorts.

Direct Line to NIAGARA FALLS

by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

All trains arrive at and depart from GRAND CENTRAL STATION, 4th Ave. and 42d St., New York, centre of Hotel and Residence section.

ONLY RAILROAD STATION IN NEW YORK.

TENNIS RULES FOR 1892.
Published by E. I. HORSMAN, 341 Broadway, N. Y.
FREE to any address on receipt of 2c. stamp.

Highest Grade Imported. **RED HAND** Allsopp's Ale. Bottled by the Brewers in England
—Sold Everywhere.—
New York Branch, 92 Pearl St. E. L. ZELL, Agent.

All Outdoors Is Yours

If you didn't stay indoors so much you would do more business and feel better doing it—You work too hard—ride in a stuffy car—live so near the office that you don't feel outdoors—no air—no exercise—no fun—Bicycle—you'll be a new man—Drugless Nature is the medicine you're after—Cycling is the fashionable, healthful, joyful, fascinating, popular recreative exercise of the world—safer than carriage riding—safe as walking—costs nothing to keep—The cycler sees everything—he's where everything is—as free as freedom—from the heights of exhilarated happiness he cannot fall—from his Columbia Safety—If you and your wife and your children knew how much they need open air there wouldn't be enough Columbias to go 'round.

BOOKS ABOUT BICYCLES

We have written a large book about Columbia bicycles—52 pages, 41 illustrations—free upon application to any Columbia agent, or sent by mail for two two-cent stamps. We have a little book, small enough for the pocket—concentration of the larger book—free by mail for a postal card. Pope Mfg. Co., 221 Columbus Ave., Boston; 12 Warren St., New York; 291 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Reasons Why

Manitou. TABLE WATER

is deemed superior to all others:

1st.—It is a pure water, and, unlike most of the table waters, is unadulterated by salt or any other ingredient.

2d.—It is a *fresh* water from a mountain spring, and has the pleasant taste and refreshing quality which can only be found in mountain spring water.

3d.—A chemical analysis shows it contains the best properties to act on stomach, liver, and kidney. Prepared in nature's laboratory, it produces an effect on the system that cannot be duplicated by any combination man can create.

4th.—It is the most sparkling and effervescent of all waters, being charged with its own gas taken out of the same spring.

5th.—Recommended by all physicians who have tried it as the best remedy known for indigestion and stomach troubles.

6th.—Without a rival for diluting wines and liquors.

Unexcelled for Family, Club, Restaurant, and Bar.

Packed in cases of 50 Quarts. 24 Quarts. 100 Pints. 48 Pints. Convenient forms for Dealer and Consumer.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

Circulars sent on application to

MANITOU MINERAL WATER CO.,
Manitou, Colorado.

LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES **$85**

For Ladies and Gents. Six styles in Pneumatic Cushion and Solid Tires.

Diamond Frame, Steel Drop Forgings, Steel Tubing, Adjustable Ball Bearings to all running parts, including Pedals. Suspension Saddle.

Strictly HIGH GRADE in Every Particular.

Send 6 cents in stamps for our 100-page illustrated catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Sporting Goods, etc.

LOVELL DIAMOND No. 1

Bicycle Catalogue FREE.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Mfrs., 147 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

The North German Lloyd S. S. Co.

will despatch their first-class passenger steamers **FULDA** and **WERRA** from New York to the

MEDITERRANEAN,

on June 18, July 2, July 23, Aug. 6, Aug. 27, Sept. 10, Oct. 1.

Travellers intending to visit the **Italian Lakes, Switzerland,** the **Tyrol,** will find this route the most direct, easiest, and most comfortable. Switzerland can be reached in six hours from Genoa.

OELRICHS & CO., 2 Bowling Green, NEW YORK.

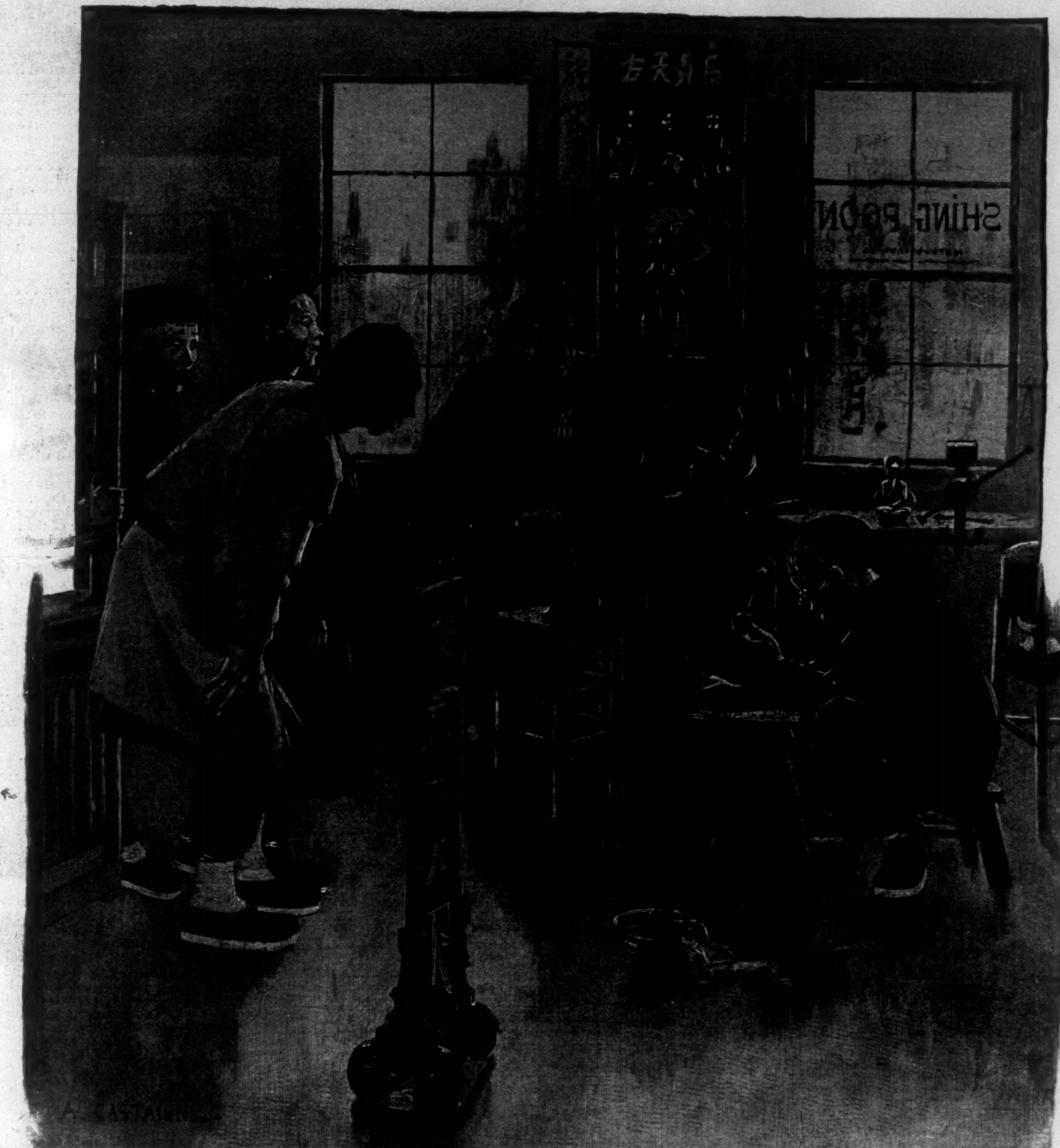
TRADE E. & W. MARK

EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

THE INK used on this paper is manufactured by
FREDK. H. LEVEY & CO., 59 Beekman Street, N. Y.

HARPER'S NEW CATALOGUE,

Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.



THE GOLD GODS OF MOTT STREET.

BY FRED A. WILSON.

SHING POON was a worker in metal. In far-off Chow Tsien he had learned from a great master how to make curious things out of gold and silver and brass, and so deft had his hands become that the master had been proud. The master had been a poor one all his life because he so loved his art that he neglected the cash which might have been his if he had even so much as held his hand out to take them. But just before he died he became suddenly rich—so rich that those who lived in Chow Tsien said the gods had made him wealthy because all his life he had lived an honest man. They said that one night the golden pieces had come tumbling into his rooms through the windows and in the doors. The yellow bits danced up and down on the floor as if they had life, and were glad to be near so great a man as the master. But this was only a story.

The servant who cooked the rice and chie yok in the master's rooms used to tell how, when the master died, he had sent for his favorite pupil, Shing Poon.

"I am going to die, Shing Poon," the master had said; "and I am going to tell you a secret that will make you as rich as a Peking mandarin."

That was the way Shing Poon got the secret, but no one ever knew what it was, because when the master told it, his voice was like the whisper of a passing spirit, so low that no one but Shing Poon heard it.

There was the beginning. Shing Poon had the great secret, and no good had come of it yet. He was still so poor he had to dress in common cloth, like a laundry-man who has to work seven days in the week. Before he had left China his friends used to say to him: "I greet you, Shing Poon. When will the secret of the great master turn into gold?"

And somehow Shing Poon would become angry, and deny that he knew any secret. So he came across the ocean with two other Chow Tsien men, and they all came down to Mott Street, and lived in the shadow of the tin-tong, where the worshippers went on odd days to burn the prayer sticks and learn their fortunes. Shing Poon's two friends were merchants who bought and sold goods. Two days after the metal-worker paid his rent, he hung out a sign which read:

SHING POON
WORKER IN PRECIOUS METAL
GOLDEN GOOD-LUCK GODS
TEMPLE IMAGES

It was a fine red sign, with red streamers on it to keep away the devils who come at night, sneaking around like evil winds, and the men in Mott Street who read it wondered what the golden good-luck gods meant. They bought rings from him and bracelets too, carved curiously with snakes and dragons and big-eyed fishes, and sometimes the picture of the Emperor, which was considered lucky.

Never was there a more faithful worker than Shing Poon. It seemed to those who knew him as if he never left the bench at which he worked. Before long the two friends who had come with him from Chow Tsien had spread the rumor that he was in the knowledge of a great secret which would some day make him richer than a mandarin, and the curious ones of the street turned anxious to know more about the great secret. One more audacious than the rest went into the little room of the metal-worker one day, and, first buying a ring of carved silver, began questioning, craftily.

"It is said, Shing Poon, that some day you will be a rich man."

"So I will if my friends will come and buy my goods."

"But it is said that you know of a secret which will make a man rich very quickly."

"Not quickly, but surely. The pathway of unceasing labor leads to it." Then he looked out of the corner of his eyes at his visitor, who went away feeling that he had found out nothing.

It was not long after that when a change came. A Canton man who had gone up to see Shing Poon told about it. He told how he had gone into the room, and how he had found the metal-worker on his knees before a small god—Kwon Guet—made of pure gold. He told how he had watched a long while before he spoke, and how, overcome by curiosity, he had asked Shing Poon why he worshipped in the morning.

"Be quiet," the metal-worker had said to him; "be quiet. I have changed Kwon Guet from the god of might to the god of money. He will bring me riches."

Other men saw him worshipping after that. No one ever saw him working at his bench; he was always on his knees, burning the prayer sticks, pouring wine upon the floor, and salaaming. It became the talk of the street, and even the priest in the temple next door wondered if the new one, Kwon Guet, the god of money, would answer the prayer of the Chow Tsien man. Unscrupulous ones, who wanted to get rich without working, hid themselves in the dark passageway outside his door that they might hear how he worshipped, and learn the spell by which money was obtained. But, save a low mumbling, broken by the chink of metal, they heard nothing, and were compelled to go away unsatisfied.

One afternoon, when the sun was shining on the other side of the street, there walked out of the doorway of the house next to the temple the metal-worker; but the faan-táan men who sat in the doorways on their little stools watching for the innocent men from the country hardly knew him. The old Shing Poon had worn ragged clothes, and not even so much as one piece of the metal he worked in had ever ornamented his person. This new Shing Poon wore clothes of finest silk; upon the top of his black silk cap was a dragon of solid gold, about his wrists were coils of solid gold chains, jewels were on his fingers, and around his neck was a great heavy chain. He walked down the street like the Emperor, swinging a fan heavy with gold. The idle men gazed at him until their eyes bulged out like fishes' eyes. The faan-táan men whispered among themselves, but Shing Poon paid no attention. He walked down the street to the first corner; then he turned and went up the second step to where his friend the fortune-teller lived. There were always a lot of Canton men in the rooms of Hing, the fortune-teller, and perhaps Shing Poon had an object in going in there. Always he had walked in like a man who is familiar, but this day he tramped solemnly up to the door, and after closing his fan, carefully knocked one, two, three times.

"Loi heung," came a voice from inside.

But the metal-worker would accept no such invitation as that. He was no longer a poor man, and he must not be treated like one, and asked to open the door himself, just like any beggar who might knock. So he spoke out, and commanded them to open.

"Hoi, hoi!" he said, drawing himself up.

There was a movement in the room, for the folks from over the sea who live in Mott Street do not like to be commanded, especially by their own countrymen. At last Hing himself came grumblingly to open the door. He looked out in the dark hallway, and saw the shining jewels which the metal-worker wore.

"Ha!" he said. "Shing Poon? Has the faan-táan Joss been smiling, ha? Come in, my friend, and tell us. It was only two days ago I lost all I had to the devils. Come in."

With his robes gathered about him, like a dainty woman who enters an unclean place, Shing Poon walked in like the Emperor, holding his head straight up, and looking neither to one side nor the other. He sat down on a stool, carefully, and began to slowly fan himself, like a man who has seen the world and has nothing more to learn. He was a very sly one was Shing Poon, and he knew why he had come to Hing's room.

"Has your good luck turned your head, or made you so you cannot enjoy what you have?"

"No, my brother," began Shing Poon, slowly, as if he were feeling his way along the path of speech; "the gods who have brought me all this wealth demand most of my time. They are always with me, and I must always bow down to them." He paused, looking over in a far corner, where one of Hing's friends lay on the couch, half asleep in the arms of the opium Joss. "See!" he said, suddenly, as he started up, and dropped his fan. "Kwon Guet! great and good god, I salute you; I fall on my knees before you; I worship you three times;" and he salaamed, touching his forehead to the floor three times. Those who were in the room looked with wide-open eyes at the corner to which the metal-worker had pointed, but they saw only the shifting blue cloud of the opium smoke, nothing more.

Shing Poon climbed back to the stool again, after having picked up his fan, and he acted as though nothing had happened. He talked and drank his tea with Hing and the rest who were there, and he even condescended to crawl into one of the bunks and smoke a pill of opium which the fortune-teller cooked for him. The man who told the fortunes of others could not discover what had come over his friend the metal-worker, and while he cooked the dope over the little lamp, he peeped out of the corners of his eyes at the golden ornaments which decorated Shing Poon. They looked brighter as he smoked, and the jewels seemed to flash until they hurt his eyes. Suddenly a thought came to him. He had heard that Shing Poon knew of a great secret whereby a man might become rich suddenly and without great effort. When he had first heard this he did not believe it. The soothing effects of the opium brought fancies with it. It was true about the secret. Shing Poon had become suddenly rich. He had always been his friend, and— He drew in a long whiff from the pipe. The smoke from the long draw went down into his lungs; he closed his eyes, he saw himself in China, home again; a great gold chain hung around his neck, upon his cap was a mandarin's button. He was rich and happy. He blew the smoke out slowly through his nose, after the fashion of opium-smokers. He opened his eyes and looked at the flickering light. His gaze wandered to Shing Poon. He leaned across the tray until his lips almost touched the ear of the metal-worker.

"Is it the secret, Shing Poon?" he asked. Then he held his breath.

"The gods have been good to their faithful slave," answered the other. "The secret of the master has come true."

"Will you tell your friend?" he asked, making his voice humble.

There were a dozen men in the room, talking and smoking, and before he answered, Shing Poon raised himself up on one elbow and looked at them.

"Send your friends away, my brother, and I will tell you enough about the secret of the master to make you rich." Then he lay back, and shutting his eyes, pretended to be asleep.

In an instant Hing had crept out of the bunk. He walked over to one of the lamps and put it out.

"P'ang-yan," he said to one of the men, "you must go, and the others too," waving his hands at them. "I am to tell a great fortune now, and we must be alone."

They went out grumblingly. They had heard of the secret, and had only staid in the hope they might hear something which they could use. They went away like children, afraid to disobey, yet with laggard steps. In Hing's heart there came a feeling of exultation. As he put the bar across the door, he looked over at the bunk where the metal-worker was smoking a cigarette. He saw the shining gold, and there came a smile to his lips. Like a man preparing for a feast, he walked towards the bunk. He drew his feet out of his sandals, and lay down on the other side of the lamp. His cheeks burned, and his hand trembled as he held the yen hoc with its burden of opium over the conical flame of the tang.

"I am glad the secret has come to you," he began, still looking out of the corners of his eyes at the other while he rolled the pill upon the pipe. "Is it very hard to make it turn to money?"

"It requires great labor," returned the metal-worker, as he smoked the bit of opium which Hing had prepared for him. He blew the last whiff up towards the smoke-blackened ceiling, and then he began his story, while the fortune-teller listened. In all his life he had never heard such a story as this. He had conjured up many strange fortunes for the men who came to him to read the future, but this was the most wonderful thing of all. But through all the telling he noticed a queer leer in the eyes of the metal-worker. He did not pay much attention to it at the time, but it all came to him later.

"Just before my good master died," began Shing Poon, "he called me to him, and he said: 'Poon, you have been a faithful servant, and some day you will be a great man in the kingdom. But as great men are often poor men, I will tell you how you may become rich. On the night of that day when the sun is darkened, take all the gold you have and make the image of Kwon Guet, the god of might. Make the eyes of pearls and the cap of silver. But you must use in the making the coins of the country you are in. Turn aside, then, from all work and worship Kwon Guet, and pour wine upon the floor before him. When twenty-eight days have passed, gold in flakes will drop from his sides, and he will become the god of gold; for every day after that that you worship him, enough gold will come from him to more than equal his own weight. You will be rich.' Then the great, the good master died. I have made a gold Kwon Guet, and am rich. I need no more now, but will help those who have been my friends. I will make for you a golden god, and you shall be rich with me, for it will cost me nothing if you give the gold, and then you can make money by telling the fortunes of others and sending them to me. Your fame as a fortune-teller will grow like the flowers when the rain comes, and you will be great as well as rich. Now I must go."

The metal-worker arose, shoved his feet into his sandals, and, taking down the bar of the door, went out into the dark hallway, down the creaking stairs, and around the corner to his room in the house next to the temple.

All his life the fortune-teller had been a careful, cautious man. His friends had called him Kan-shan. He had put away in his trunk some money, and after Shing Poon had gone, he lay by the side of the lamp and thought. He would take from the trunk enough of the precious gold to make a god, he would give it to the metal-worker, and he would become wealthy. Besides, had not Shing Poon given him permission to tell to those who came to him for fortunes how to become rich without work? And so he smoked himself away in an opium dreamland, and lived until the morning with his head among the clouds. When he awoke there was a bad taste in his mouth, the lamp had burned out and was cold, and the door was unlocked.

The first thing he did was to paint a new sign upon red paper and post it on his door. It read:

THE ROAD TO WEALTH

FORTUNES TOLD

HOW TO BECOME RICH WITHOUT WORK

Then he went to the chest where he kept his money. Out of a bag he poured a double handful of gold pieces. Some were shiny and some were dull, but they were all good gold. They would make a god a little bigger than his fist, he thought. Then there came to his mind the words of the metal-worker, "Enough gold would come from him to more than equal his own weight." He took a greasy roll of bank-bills from out of another bag, and carried them to a big shop where they gave gold for paper. He came back with gold, which he added to the pile. He took it all around to the house in the shadow of the temple. He laid the bag upon the bench of Shing Poon, and said, "Make me a god of gold."

The eyes of the metal-worker glistened as he poured the gold into a big iron pot. "Your god will be ready in twenty-eight days," he said, and the fortune-teller went away happy.

He went around to his own room, where he found men waiting for him. They had read his new sign, and had heard from others that the metal-worker, become suddenly wealthy, had called upon him the night before, and they were anxious.

"Come, Hing, tell me my fortune," said one; "tell me the fortune of wealth."

"You must put five taels in gold upon the table first," said Hing.

The man grumbled. He had silver, but that wouldn't do. So he went out and got gold. Hing took him into an inner room, and told him how he might become rich, how the metal-worker would make a god of gold which would give its owner its weight in gold every day it was worshipped after a certain time. As a proof, he pointed out how Shing Poon had become suddenly rich himself.

The man went right out among his friends to borrow all the gold he could, to take to Shing Poon. That was only the beginning. Half of the men in Mott Street went wild after the gold money, so they could have the metal-worker make them gold gods. The poorer men formed themselves into companies and associations, and each contributed as much gold as he was able. Every day Hing would go around to the metal-worker with a few more pieces of gold, and say, "Make my god a little bigger. Here is some more gold."

The money poured in like a stream, and every man who went into the metal-worker's saw him making gods from a potful of yellow metal. The priests in the temple heard of the new gold gods, and they went in to see Shing Poon. They asked him about his god, and he pulled aside a little curtain and showed them a small yellow figure as big as a man's two fists put together. In front of the figure were two pots of burning oil, perfumed, and a bunch of smouldering prayer sticks. All around the god were bits of yellow metal.

Shing Poon picked up one of the pieces and handed it to the priests, saying: "That is what my god gives me—every day enough of those to equal his own weight. You may keep that piece. I have plenty."

They went away wondering; but one more crafty than the rest said: "Perhaps this is not gold. Perhaps it is a deception."

Then they sent the piece to a man skilled in metals, and asked him to tell what it was. He sent it back with his answer. It was pure gold. The priests talked among themselves. If this was all true, why should they not have a god and profit by it? They did not spend much time in thinking after they had made up their minds. They gathered all the gold there was in the temple, and carried it next door to the metal-worker's to be made into a god.

Never in the history of the street had there been such a sensation. Business was neglected, gods were left unworshipped, and even the faan-táan games ceased to be profitable. There was only one place of interest in the street, and that was the house in the shadow of the temple, in one of the rooms of which a man was working to make all Chinatown rich.

The time drew near when the gods were to be ready. Once or twice men had come to Shing Poon and had said,

"How do we know the gods you make for us will be of gold?"

"I will show you," Shing Poon had answered. He had taken one of the half-made gods from a shelf, and had bored a hole in its side. He had given the dust which came out to the unbelievers, and they, having paid a man to examine it, learned it was pure gold, and were satisfied.

At last Hing's god was finished, and the fortune-teller went around with his friends to get it. It was handed to him—a dull yellow figure, squat-shaped and evil-looking.

"It does not look like gold," said one.

"Wait, my friend, and I'll show you," said the metal-worker, and he did just what he had done before. With a tool he bored a hole in the back of the god. He gave the dust which came out to Hing. "Take that to the men who know, and ask them if it is not gold," he said.

Just to make sure, Hing did take the dust to a man clever in minerals, and he felt very well satisfied when he learned it was gold.

At last all of the gods were made, prayers went up, and wine was poured on the floors before them. Every god had a hole in its back, which the metal-worker had made to show it was of pure gold. The door of the room which Shing Poon had rented was locked. He had gone. He went in the night, and not one of all those who knew him and trusted him had seen him. The days passed by, and the glassy eyes of the golden gods stared at their owners in disgust. No one had become rich yet. Every morning Hing had looked for the flakes of gold, but they never came. Nor did golden flakes ever come from any of the gods. A man who knew, went up and looked at the god in the temple. He said it was pure brass, but in the back, where the hole was, gold had been put, but only a small quantity.

They say in the street that the metal-worker took away enough gold to fill a wheelbarrow, and that if they catch him he will die.

FOOD ADULTERATIONS.

The subject of the adulteration of our food supplies has been kept so constantly before the public for fifteen years that it has become an old story, and those people who look out only for sensational novelties turn from any discussion of it as they do from an oft-told tale. And yet the subject has been exhausted by no means, and will not be until public opinion shall express itself in laws, and demand that these laws be enforced as rigidly and vigorously against this crime as against other felonies. The adulteration of food is now practised to such an extent that fifteen per cent. of all that is consumed in the United States is by treatment for the purpose of making it cost less to the producer and purveyor, or rendered impure and something else than that which the consumers think they are buying. It has become so common a practice that many merchants indulge in these adulterations as a matter of course, and with no thought that it is dishonest in itself and made criminal by the laws of many of the States. Many of these adulterations are not particularly unwholesome, but they are dishonest in the same sense as selling calico for silk would be. It is swindling in the same sense that the passing of counterfeit money is so. In the aggregate this fraud upon the American consumers amounts annually to $700,000,000. This is an immense sum of money, but the estimate of Mr. H. W. Wiley, the chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, appears to be well within the mark.

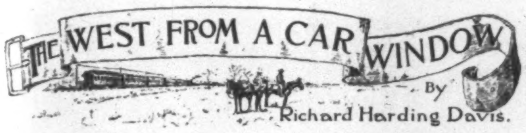
Much of this adulteration is made, as has before been said, quite carelessly, and because in certain trades it has become customary to manipulate raw materials and to make them into grades. Experts in these trades know what degree of purity this grade and that should reach, but there is little or nothing done to inform the consumer as to these facts. When a man goes into a grocery to buy sugar and is furnished with a mixture of sugar and glucose, he has been cheated; it does not make a particle of difference how cheaply this inferior "sugar" has been sold to him. If he were told that it was "glucose sugar" that was offered to him, he would at least have the option of buying or not. Except in some States, and with a few products, there is no legal necessity that combined manufactures should be sold only as such. The associations of dairymen have made a great fight against the mixture of oleomargarine, lard, and cotton-seed oil with butter, and this combination of fats being sold as genuine butter. This fight has led to the passage of stringent laws in many of the States and to a national law also. Where these laws are strictly enforced, the practice of making such mixtures and selling them as butter has to a great extent abated, but it has not by any means stopped. A more determined resistance to this fraud has been made than against any other, and yet the chemists tell us that the mixture is not unwholesome. But that it is a fraud is enough to condemn the practice. If consumers wish to purchase the mixed article, they are permitted to do so, and this is right. But what about the hotel-keepers and restaurateurs who place these mixtures on their tables? Should they not be compelled to hoist a yellow flag in the centre of the butter-plate, so that their patrons would know that it was "butterine," not butter that was set before them?

But while the greater part of the adulterated food is a mixture of pure materials with substitutes not necessarily injurious to health, there is still a proportion of these mixtures that contains chemicals decidedly poisonous. The merchants and other manipulators who perpetrate such frauds as these must do so in ignorance of the great crimes that they are committing. It seems impossible to conceive that there is in this country any considerable class of men who would go deliberately to work to poison their fellow-men for the sake of making a little more gain. Such men would not be merchants or tradesmen. The depravity and soullessness necessary to bring a man to such a depth would take him entirely outside of the pretence of respectability, and place him among the classes that the police keep under surveillance because they are criminal. But what can be said of the ignorance that would lead men to such acts?

Surely that is criminal in every sense. It is infinitely worse than those who, when asked for bread, sell to the hungry purchaser something only a little more nutritious than stone.

Not only is food adulterated, but beers, liquors, and medicines are tampered with to an even greater extent. The extent of these adulterations has not been determined, and it would be difficult to do so with any exactness. But the official analysts feel justified in saying that it is done so much that it is almost universal. Physicians very generally know this to be so, and in giving medicines they now not unfrequently supply to their patients the drugs necessary, or stipulate that some druggist known by the doctor to be trustworthy shall fill the prescription. Drugs are not adulterated by ignorant persons. We cannot believe this, for a certain amount of special education is required to fit a person to manufacture medicines, or even to dispense them. To adulterate the drugs that are given to relieve suffering and cure disease is a depth of meanness that nothing can excuse. A physician relies upon a certain dose to produce a certain result; the drug has been weakened by adulteration, and does not produce the desired effect; the patient dies. This is manslaughter at least.

As to beers and liquors, they are almost universally adulterated, and in many ways. By mixing or blending, by coloring, by sweetening, by strengthening, and so on. These adulterations never seem to stop from the time these beverages leave the breweries and distilleries until they have been finally disposed of by the luckless consumer. And then the harm begins to work its worst. It is a well-ascertained fact that many of those dreadful diseases of the kidneys and other consumptions that are carrying off men and women by the score in seeming mystery are both produced and aggravated by the poisonous food and drink sold by ignorant and heartless purveyors. And even the drugs to correct these disorders are more frequently than not also untrustworthy.



THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW

By Richard Harding Davis.

VIII.—THE HEART OF THE GREAT DIVIDE.

Illustrated from Photographs by W. H. Jackson, Denver.

THE city of Denver probably does more to keep the Eastern man who is mining or ranching in the West from returning once a year to his own people, and from spending his earnings at home, than any other city in the middle or the south West. It lays its charm upon him, and stops him halfway, and he decides that the journey East is rather long, and puts it off until the next year, and again until the next, until at last he buys a lot, and builds a house, and only returns to the East on his wedding journey. Denver appeals to him more than do any of these other cities for the reason that the many other Eastern men who have settled there are turning it into a thoroughly Eastern city—a smaller New York in an encircling range of white-capped mountains. If you look up at its towering office buildings, you can easily imagine yourself, were it not for the breadth of the thoroughfare, in down-town New York, and though the glimpse of the mountains at the end of the street, in place of the spars and mast-heads of the East and North rivers, undeceives you, the mud at your feet serves to help out the delusion. Denver is a really beautiful city, but—and this, I am sure, few people in New York will believe—it has the worst streets in the country. Their mud or their dust, as the season wills it, is the one blot on the city's fair extent; it is as if the City Fathers had served a well-appointed dinner on a soiled tablecloth. But they say they will arrange all that in time. The two most striking things about the city to me were the public schools and the private houses. Great corporations, insurance companies, and capitalists erect twelve-story buildings everywhere. They do it for an advertisement for themselves or their business, and for the rent of the offices. But these buildings do not in any way represent a city's growth. You will find one or two of such buildings in almost every Western city, but you will find the people who rent the offices in them living in the hotels or in wooden houses on the outskirts. In Denver there are not only the big buildings, but mile after mile of separate houses, and of the prettiest, strictest, and most proper architecture. It is a distinct pleasure to look at these houses, and quite impossible to decide upon the one in which you would rather live. They are not merged together in solid rows, but stand apart, with a little green breathing-space between, each in its turn asserting its own individuality. The greater part of these are built of the peculiarly handsome red stone which is found so plentifully in the Silver State. It is not the red stone which makes them so pleasantly conspicuous, but the taste of the owner or the architect which has turned it to account. As for the public schools, they are more like art museums outside than school-houses, and if as much money and thought in proportion are given to the instruction as has been put upon the buildings, the children of Denver threaten to grow up into a most disagreeably superior class of young persons. Denver possesses those other things which make a city livable, but the public schools and the private houses were to me the most distinctive features. The Denver Club is quite as handsome and well ordered a club as one would find in New York city, and the University Club, which is for the younger men, brings the wanderers from different colleges very near and pleasantly together. Its members can sing more different college songs in a given space of time than any other body of men I have met. The theatres and the hotels are new and very good, and it is a delight to find servants so sufficiently civilized that the more they are ordered about and the more one gives them to do, the more readily they do it, knowing that this means that they are to be tipped. In the other Western cities, where this pernicious and most valuable institution is apparently unknown, a traveller has to do everything for himself.

You will find that the people of a city always pride themselves on something which the visitor within their gates would fail to notice. They have become familiar with those features which first appeal to him, have outgrown them, and have passed on to admire something else. The citizen of Denver takes a modest pride in the public schools, the private houses, and the great mountains, which seem but an hour's walk distant and are twenty miles away, but he is proudest before all of two things—of his celery and his cable-cars. His celery is certainly the most delicious and succulent that grows, and his cable-cars are very beautiful white and gold affairs, and move with the delightfully terrifying speed of a toboggan. Riding on these cable-cars is one of the institutions of the city, just as in the summer a certain class of young people in New York find their pleasure in driving up and down the Avenue on the top of the omnibuses. But that is a dreary and sentimental journey compared with a ride on the grip seat of a cable-car, and every one in Denver patronizes this means of locomotion, whether on business or on pleasure bent, and whether he has carriages of his own or not. There is not, owing to the altitude, much air to spare in Denver at any time, but when one mounts a cable-car, and is swept with a wild rush around a curve, or dropped down a grade as abruptly as one is dropped down the elevator shaft in the Potter Building, what little air there is disappears, and leaves one gasping. Still, it is a most popular diversion, and even in the winter some of the younger people go cable-riding as we go sleighing, and take lap-robes with them to keep them warm. There is even a "scenic route" which these cars follow, and it is most delightful.

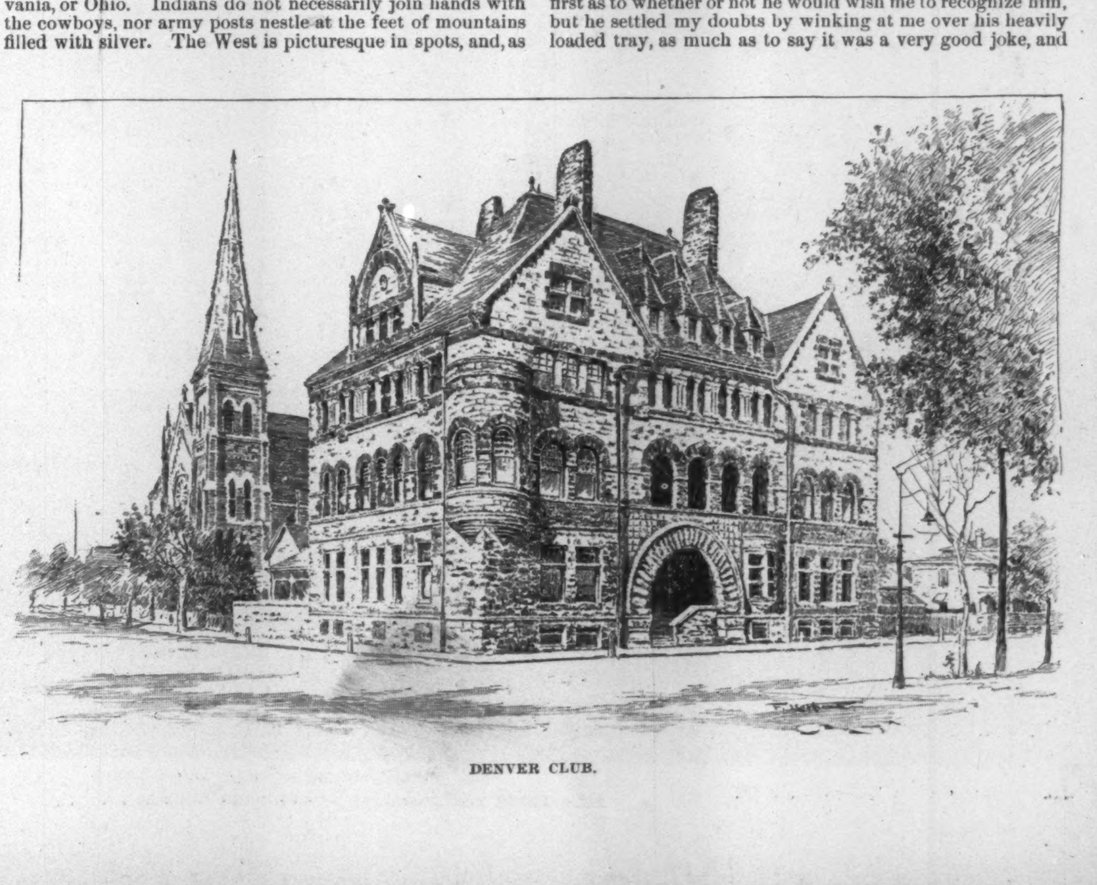
Denver and Colorado Springs pretend to be jealous of one another; why, it is impossible to understand. One is a city, and the other a summer or health resort, and we might as properly compare Boston and Newport, or New York and Tuxedo. In both cities the Eastern man and woman and the English cousin are much more in evidence than the born Western man. These people are very fond of their homes at Denver and at the Springs, but they certainly manage to keep Fifth Avenue and the Sound and the Back Bay prominently in mind. Half of those women whose husbands are wealthy, and every one out here seems to be in that condition, do the greater part of their purchasing along Broadway below Twenty-third Street, their letter-paper is stamped on Union Square, and their husbands are either part or whole owners of a yacht. It sounds very strange to hear them, in a city shut in by ranges of mountain-peaks, speak familiarly of Larchmont and Hell Gate and New London and "last year's cruise." Colorado Springs is the great pleasure resort for the whole State, and the salvation and sometimes the resting-place of a great many invalids from all over the world. It lies at the base of Pike's Peak and Cheyenne Mountain, and is only an hour's drive from the great masses of jagged red rock known as the Garden of the Gods. Pike's Peak, the Garden of the Gods, and the Mount of the Holy Cross are the proudest landmarks in the State. This last mountain was regarded for many years almost as a myth, for while many had seen the formation which gives it its name, no one could place the mountain itself, the semblance of the cross disappearing as one drew near to it. But in 1876 Mr. Hayden, of the Government Survey, and Mr. W. H. Jackson, of Denver, found it, climbed it, and photographed it, and since then artists and others have made it familiar. But it will never become so familiar as to lose aught of its wonderfully impressive grandeur.

There are also near Colorado Springs those mineral waters which give it its name, and of which the people are so proud that they have turned Colorado Springs into a prohibition town, and have made drinking the waters, as it were, compulsory. This is an interesting example of people who support home industries. There is a casino at the Springs, where the Hungarian band plays in summer, a polo field, a manufactured lake for boating, and hundreds of beautiful homes, fashioned after the old English country house even to the gate-keeper's lodge and the sundial on the lawn. And there are cañons that inspire one *not* to attempt to write about them. There are also many English people who have settled there, and who vie with the Eastern visitors in the smartness of their traps and the appearance of their horses. Indeed, both of these cities have so taken on the complexion of the East that one wonders whether it is true that the mining towns of Creede and Leadville lie only twelve hours away, and that one is thousands of miles distant from the city of New York.

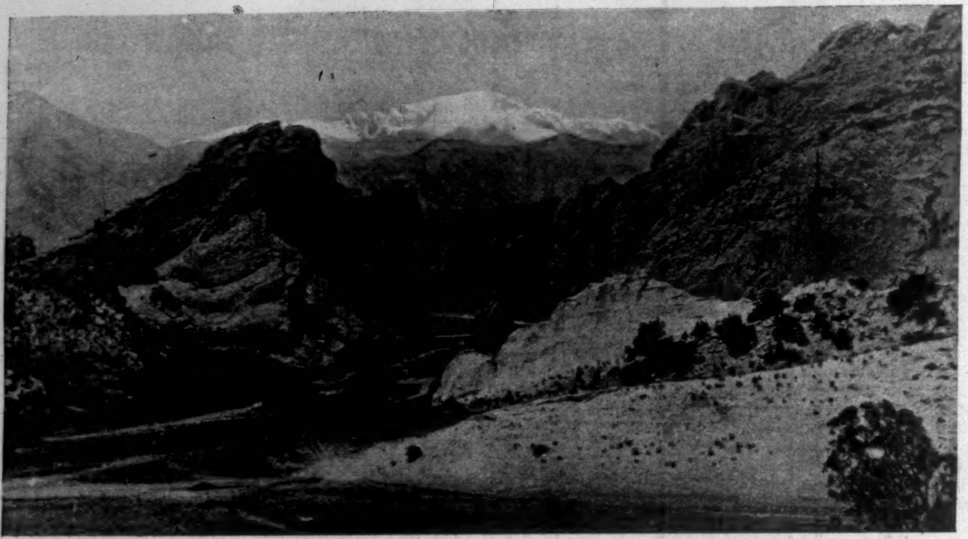
It is possible that some one may have followed this series of articles, of which this is the last, from the first, and that he may have decided, on reading them, that the West is filled with those particular people and institutions of which these articles have treated, and that one steps from ranches to army posts, and from Indian reservations to mining camps with easy and uninterrupted interest. This would be, perhaps it is needless to say, an entirely erroneous idea. I only touched on those things which could not be found in the East, and said nothing of the isolation of these particular and characteristic points of interest, of the commonplace and weary distances which lay between them, and of the difficulty of getting from one point to another. For days together, while travelling to reach something of possible interest, I might just as profitably, as far as any material presented itself, have been riding through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, or Ohio. Indians do not necessarily join hands with the cowboys, nor army posts nestle at the feet of mountains filled with silver. The West is picturesque in spots, and, as the dramatic critics say, the interest is not sustained throughout. I confess I had an idea that after I had travelled four days in a straight line due west, every minute of my time would be of value, and that if each man I met was not a character, he would tell stories of others who were, and that it would merely be necessary for me to keep my eyes open to have picturesque and dramatic people and scenes pass obligingly before them. I was soon undeceived in this, and learned that in order to reach the West we read about, it would be necessary for me to leave the railroad, and that I must pay for an hour of interest with days of the most unprofitable travel. Matthew Arnold said, when he returned to England, that he had found this country "uninteresting," and every American was properly indignant, and said he could have forgiven him any adjective but that. If Matthew Arnold travelled from Pittsburg to St. Louis, from St. Louis to Corpus Christi, and from Corpus Christi back through Texas to the Indian Territory, he not only has my sympathy, but I admire him as a descriptive writer. For those who find the level farm lands of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and the ranches of upper Texas, and the cactus of southern Texas, and the rolling prairie of the Indian Territory interesting, should travel from Liverpool to London on either line they please to select, and they will understand the Englishman's discontent. Hundreds of miles of level mud and snow followed by a hot and sandy soil and uncultivated farm lands are not as interesting as hedges of hawthorn or glimpses of the Thames or ivy-covered country houses in parks of oak. The soldiers who guard this land, the Indians who are being crowded out of it, and the cowboys who gallop over it and round their army of cattle, *are* interesting, but they do not stand at the railroad stations to be photographed and to exhibit their peculiar characteristics.

But after one leaves these different States and rides between the mountain ranges of Colorado, he commits a sin if he does not sit day and night by the car window. It is best to say this as it shows the other side of the shield. You may, while travelling in the West, enjoy the picturesque excitement of being held up by train robbers, but you are in much more constant danger of being held up by commercial travellers and native Western men, who demand that you stand and deliver your name, your past history, your business, and your excuse for being where you are. Neither did I find the West teeming with "characters." I heard of them; and, indeed, the stories of this or that pioneer or desperado are really the most vivid and most interesting memories I have of the trip. But these men have been crowded out, or have become rich and respectably commonplace, or have been shot, as the case may be. I met the men who had lynched them or who remembered them, but not the men themselves. They no longer overrun the country; they disappeared with the buffalo, and the West is glad of it, but it is disappointing to the visitor. The men I met were men of business, who would rather talk of the new court-house with the lines of the sod still showing around it than of the Indian fights and the killing of the bad men of earlier days when there was no court-house and when the vigilance committee was a necessary evil. These were "well-posted" and "well-informed" citizens, and if there is one being I dread and fly from, it is a well-posted citizen.

The men who *are* of interest in the West, and of whom most curious stories might be told, are the Eastern men and the Englishmen who have sought it with capital, or who have been driven there to make their fortunes. Some one once started a somewhat unprofitable inquiry as to what became of all the lost pins. That is not nearly so curious as what becomes of all the living men who drop suddenly out of our acquaintanceship or our lives, and who are not missed, but who are nevertheless lost. I know now what becomes of them; they all go West. I met some men here whom I was sure I had left walking Fifth Avenue, and who told me, on the contrary, that they had been in the West for the last two years. They had once walked Fifth Avenue, but they dropped out of the procession one day, and no one missed them, and they are out here enjoying varying fortunes. The brakeman on a freight and passenger train in Southern Texas was a lower-class man whom I remembered at Lehigh University only as an expert fencer; the conductor on the same train was from the same college town; the part owner of a ranch, whom I supposed I had left looking over the papers in the club, told me he had not been in New York for a year, and that his partner was "Jerry" Black, who, as I trust no one has forgotten, was one of Princeton's half backs, and who I should have said, had any one asked me, was still in Pennsylvania. Another man whom I remembered as a "society" reporter on a New York paper, turned up in a white apron as a waiter at a hotel in ——. I was somewhat embarrassed at first as to whether or not he would wish me to recognize him, but he settled my doubts by winking at me over his heavily loaded tray, as much as to say it was a very good joke, and



DENVER CLUB.

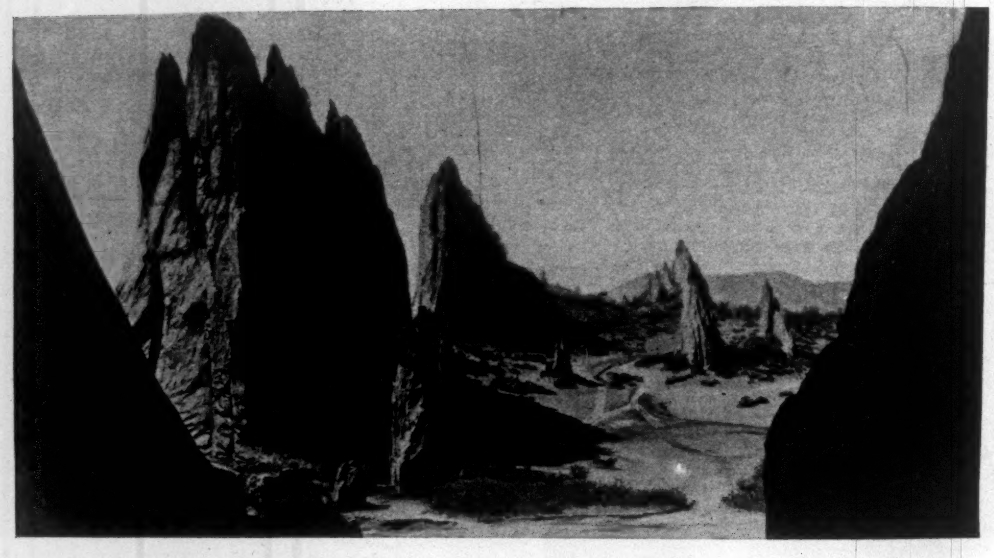


GATEWAY OF THE GARDEN OF THE GODS, AND PIKE'S PEAK.

that he hoped I was appreciating it to its full value. We met later in the street, and he asked me with the most faithful interest of those whose dances and dinners he had once reported, deprecated a notable scandal among people of the Four Hundred which was filling the papers at that time, and said I could hardly appreciate the pity of such a thing occurring among people of his set. Another man whom I had known very well in New York turned up in San Antonio with an entirely new name, wife, and fortune, and verified the tradition which exists there that it is best before one grows to know a man too well, to ask him what was his name *before* he came to Texas. San Antonio seemed particularly rich in histories of those who came there to change their fortunes, and who had changed them most completely. The English gave the most conspicuous examples of these unfortunates—conspicuous in the sense that their position at home had been so good, and their habits of life so widely different.

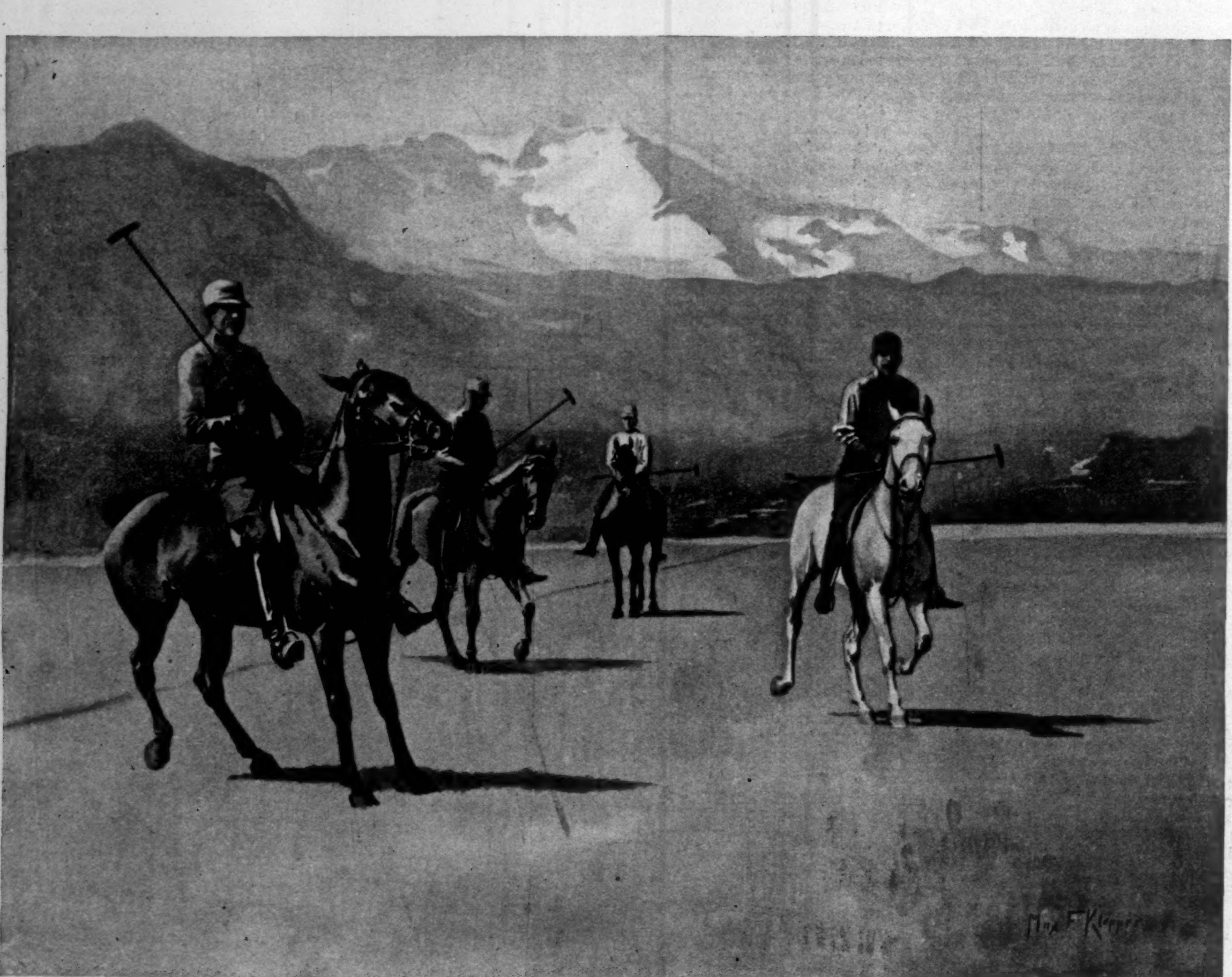
The proportion of young English gentlemen who are roughing it in the West far exceeds that of the young Americans. This is due to the fact that the former have never been taught a trade or profession, and have nothing in consequence when they have been cheated of the money they brought with them to invest but their hands to help them, and so take to driving horses or branding cattle or digging in the streets, as one graduate of Oxford, sooner than write home for money, did in Denver. He is now teaching Greek and Latin in one of our colleges. The manner in which visiting Englishmen are robbed in the West, and the quickness with which some of them take the lesson to heart, and practise it upon the next Englishman who comes out, or borrow from the prosperous Englishman already there, would furnish material for a bookful of pitiful stories.

And yet one cannot help smiling at the wickedness of some of these schemes. Three Englishmen, for example, bought, as they supposed, 30,000 Texas steers; but the Texans who pretended to sell them the cattle drove the same 3000 head ten times around the mountain, as a dozen supers circle around the back drop of a stage to make an army, and the Englishmen counted and paid for each steer ten times over. There was another Texan who made a great deal of money by advertising to teach young men how to become cowboys, and who charged them ten dollars a month tuition fee, and who set his pupils to work digging holes for fence posts all over the ranch, until they grew wise in their generation, and left him for some other ranch, where they were paid thirty dollars per month for doing the same thing. But in many instances it is the tables of San Antonio which take the greater part of the visiting Englishman's money. One gentleman who for some time represented the Isle of Wight in the Lower House spent three modest fortunes in the San Antonio gambling-houses, and then married his cook, which proved a most admirable speculation, as she had a frugal mind, and took entire control of his little income. And when the Marquis of Aylesford died in Colorado, the only friend in this country who could be found to take the body back to England was his first cousin, who at that time was driving a hack around San Antonio. One hears stories of this sort on every side, and one meets faro-dealers, cooks, and cowboys who have served through campaigns in India or Egypt or who hold an Oxford degree. A private in G Troop, Third Cavalry, who was my escort on several scouting expeditions in the Garza outfit, was kind enough and quite able to tell me which club in London had the oldest wine-cellar, where one could get best visiting-cards engraved, and why the Professor of Ancient Languages at Oxford was the superior of the instructor in like studies at Cambridge. He did this quite unaffectedly, and in no way attempted to excuse his present position, nor was he questioned concerning his position in the past. Of course the value of the greater part of these stories depends on the family and personality of the hero, and as I cannot give names, I have to omit the best of them.

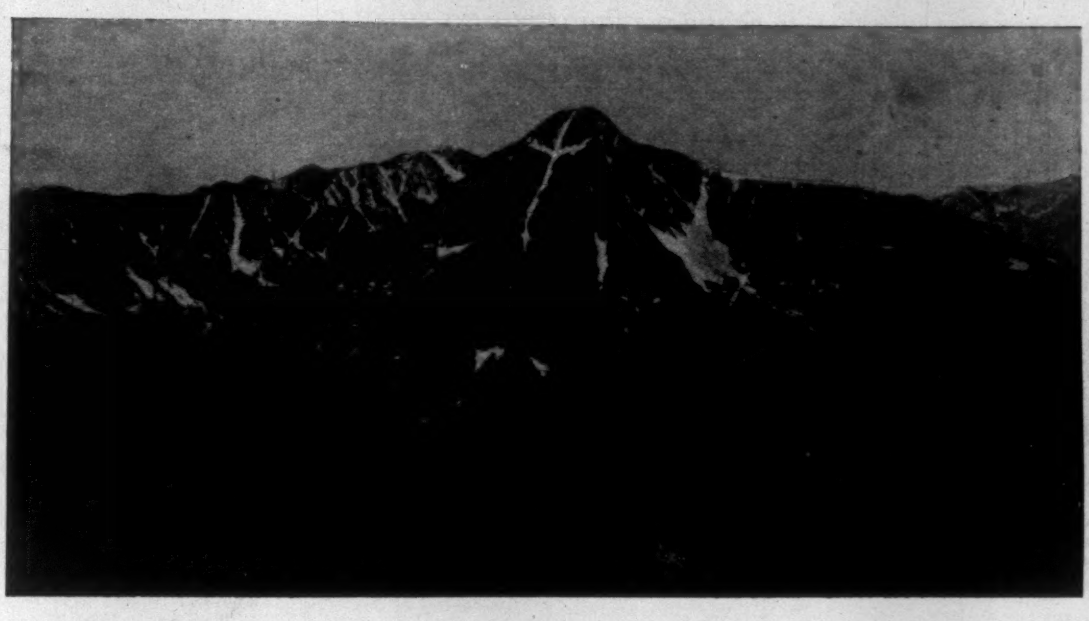


WITHIN THE GATES—GARDEN OF THE GODS.

There was a little English boy who left San Antonio before I had reached it, but whose name and fame remained behind him. He was eighteen years of age, and just out of Eton, where he had spent all his pocket-money in betting on the races through commissioners. Gambling was his ruling passion at an age when ginger-pop and sweets appealed more strongly to his contemporaries. His people sent him to Texas with £400, to buy an interest in a ranch, and furnished him with a complete outfit of London-made clothing. An Englishman who saw the boy's box told me he had noted the different garments packed carefully away, just as his mother had placed them, and each marked with his name. The Eton boy lost the £400 at roulette in the first week after his arrival in San Antonio, and pawned his fine clothes in the next to "get back." He lost all he ventured. At the end of ten days he was peddling fruit around the streets in his bare feet. He made twenty-five cents the first day, and carried it to the gambling-house where he had already lost his larger fortune, and told one of the dealers he would cut the



POLO ABOVE THE SNOW-LINE AT COLORADO SPRINGS.



MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

cards with him for the money. The boy cut first, and the dealer won; but the other was enough of a gambler to see that the dealer had stooped to win his last few pennies unfairly. The boy's eyes filled up with tears of indignation.

"You thief!" he cried, "you cheated me!"

The dealer took his revolver from the drawer of the table, and, pointing it at his head, said: "Do you know what we do to people who use that word in Texas?. We kill them!"

The boy clutched the table with both hands and flung himself across it, so that his forehead touched the barrel of the revolver. "You thief!" he repeated, and so shrilly that every one in the room heard him. "I say, you cheated me!"

The gambler lowered the trigger slowly and tossed the pistol back in the drawer. Then he picked up a ten-dollar gold piece, and shoved it toward him.

"Here," he said, "that 'll help take you home. You're too d—— tough for Texas!"

The other Englishmen in San Antonio filled out the sum, and sent him back to England. His people are well known in London; his father is a colonel in the Guards.

The most notable Englishman who ever came to Texas was Ben Thompson. But he arrived there at so early an age and became so thoroughly Western in his mode of life that Texans claim him as their own. I imagine, however, he always retained some of the traditions of his birthplace, as there is a story of his standing with his hat off to talk to an English nobleman when Thompson at the time was the most feared and best-known man in all Texas. The stories of his recklessness and ignorance of fear and utter disregard of the value of others' lives as well as his own are innumerable. A few of them are interesting and worth keeping, as they show the typical bad man of the highest degree in his different humors, and also as I have not dared to say half as much about bad men as I should have liked to do. Thompson killed eighteen men in different parts of Texas, and was for this made Marshal of Austin, on the principle that if he must kill somebody, it was better to give him authority to kill other desperadoes than reputable citizens. As Marshal it was his pleasure to pull up his buggy across the railroad track just as the daily express train was about to start, and covering the engineer with his revolver, bid him hold the train until he was ready to move on. He would then call some trembling acquaintance from the crowd on the platform and talk with him leisurely, until he thought he had successfully awed the engineer and established his authority. Then he would pick up his reins and drive on, saying to the engineer, "You needn't think, sir, any corporation can hurry me." The position of the unfortunate man to whom he talked must have been most trying—with a locomotive on one side and a revolver on the other.

One day a cowboy, who was a well-known bully and a would-be desperado, shot several bullet-holes through the high hat of an Eastern traveller, who was standing at the bar of an Austin hotel. Thompson heard of this, and, purchasing a high hat, entered the bar-room.

"I hear," he said, facing the cowboy, "that you are shooting plug hats here to-day; perhaps you would like to take a shot at mine." He then raised his revolver and shot away the cowboy's ear. "I meant," he said, "to hit your ear; did I do it?" The bully showed proof that he had. "Well, then," said the Marshal, "get out of here;" and catching the man by his cartridge-belt, he threw him out into the street, and so put an end to his reputation as a desperate character forever.

Thompson was naturally unpopular with a certain class in the community. Two barkeepers who had a personal grudge against him, with no doubt excellent reason, lay in ambush for him behind the two bars of the saloon, which stretched along either wall. Thompson entered the room from the street in ignorance of any plot against him until the two men halted him with shot-guns. They had him so surely at their pleasure that he made no effort to reach his revolver, but stood looking from one to the other and smiling grimly. But his reputation was so great, and their fear of him so actual, that both men missed him, although not twenty feet away, and with shot-guns in their hands. Then Thompson took out his pistol deliberately and killed them.

A few years ago he became involved in San Antonio with "Jack" Harris, the keeper of a gambling-house and variety theatre. Harris lay in wait for Thompson behind the swinging doors of his saloon; but Thompson, as he crossed the Military Plaza, was warned of Harris's hiding-place, and shot him through the door. He was tried for the murder, and acquitted on the ground of self-defence, and on his return to Austin was met at the station by a brass band and all the fire companies. Perhaps inspired by this, he returned to San Antonio, and going to Harris's theatre, then in the hands of his partner, Joe Foster, called from the gallery for Foster to come up and speak to him. Thompson had with him a desperado named King Fisher, and against him every man of his class in San Antonio, for Harris had been very popular. Foster sent his assistant, a very young man named Bill Sims, to ask Thompson to leave the place, as he did not want trouble.

"I have come to have a reconciliation," said Thompson. "I want to shake hands with my old friend Joe Foster. Tell him I won't leave till I see him, and I won't make a row."

Sims returned with Foster, and Thompson held out his hand.

"Joe," he said, "I have come all the way from Austin to shake hands with you. Let's make up, and call it off."

"I can't shake hands with you, Ben," Foster said. "You killed my partner, and you know well enough I am not the sort to forget it. Now go, won't you? and don't make trouble."

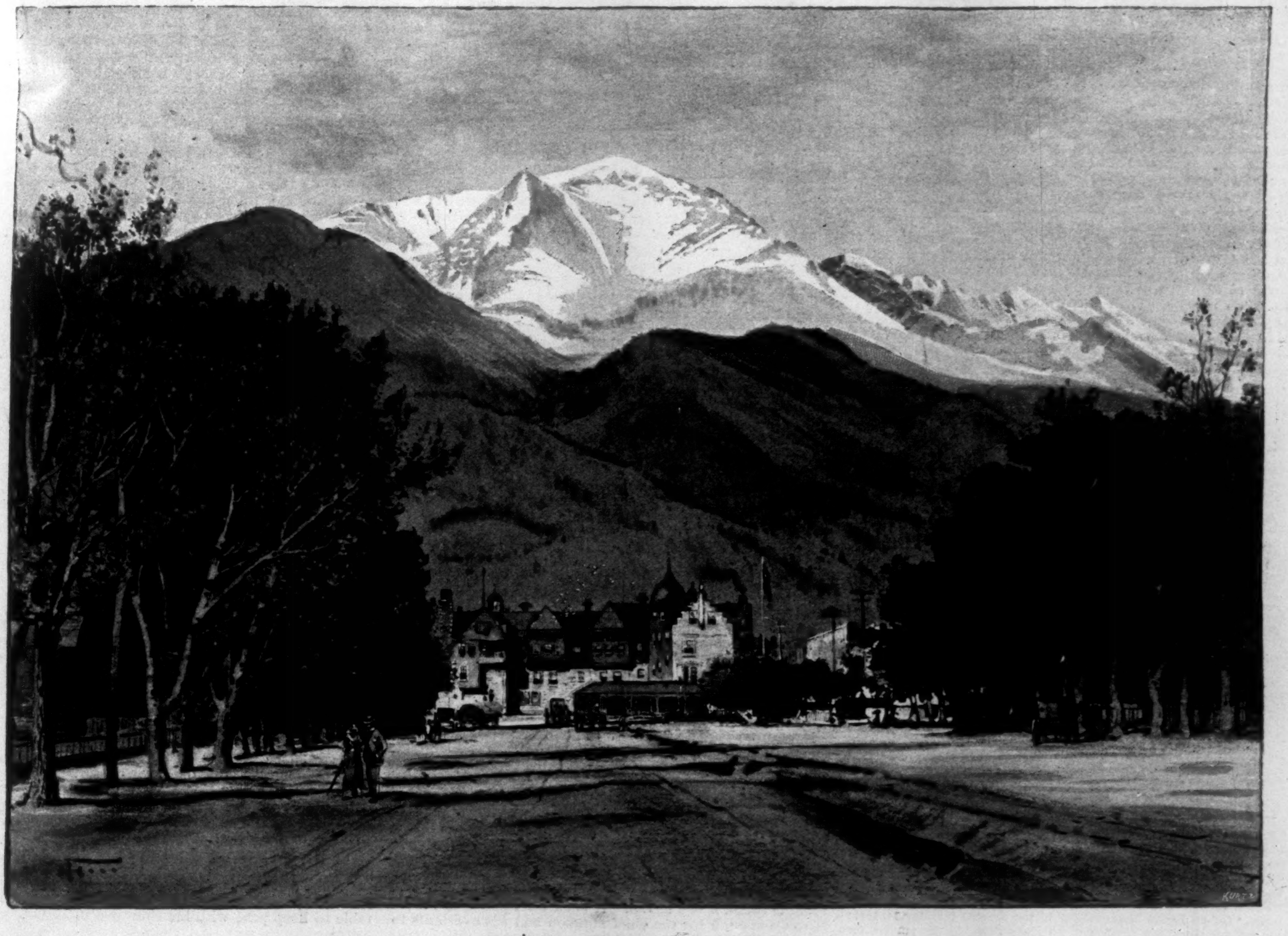
Thompson said he would leave in a minute, but they must drink together first. There was a bar in the gallery, which was by this time packed with men who had learned of Thompson's presence in the theatre, but Fisher and Thompson stood quite alone beside the bar. The Marshal of Austin looked up and saw Foster's glass untouched before him, and said,

"Aren't you drinking with me, Joe?"

Foster shook his head.

"Well, then," cried Thompson, "the man who won't drink with me, nor shake hands with me, fights me."

He reached back for his pistol, and some one—a jury of twelve intelligent citizens decided it was not young Bill Sims—shot him three times in the forehead. They say you



PIKE'S PEAK FROM COLORADO SPRINGS.

could have covered the three bullet holes with a half-dollar. But so great was the desperate courage of this ruffian that even as he fell he fired, holding his revolver at his hip, and killing Foster, and then, as he lay on his back, with every nerve jerking in agony, he emptied his revolver into the floor, ripping great gashes in the boards about him. And so he died, as he would have elected to die, with his boots on, and with the report of his pistol the last sound to ring in his ears. King Fisher was killed at the same moment, and the *Express* spoke of it the next morning as "A Good Night's Work."

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Sims at the gambling palace which was once Harris's, then Foster's, and which is now his, and found him a jolly bright-eyed young man of about thirty, with very fine teeth, and a most contagious laugh. He was just back from Dwight, and told us of a man who had been cured there, and who had gone away with his mother leaning on his arm, and what this man had said to them of his hopes for the future when he left; and as he told it, the tears came to his eyes, and he coughed, and began to laugh over a less serious story. I tried all the time to imagine him, somewhat profanely, I am afraid, as a young David standing up before this English giant, who had sent twoscore of other men out of the world, and to picture the glaring, crowded gallery, with the hot air and smoke, and the voice of the comic singer rising from the stage below, and this boy and the Marshal of Austin facing one another with drawn revolvers; but it was quite impossible.

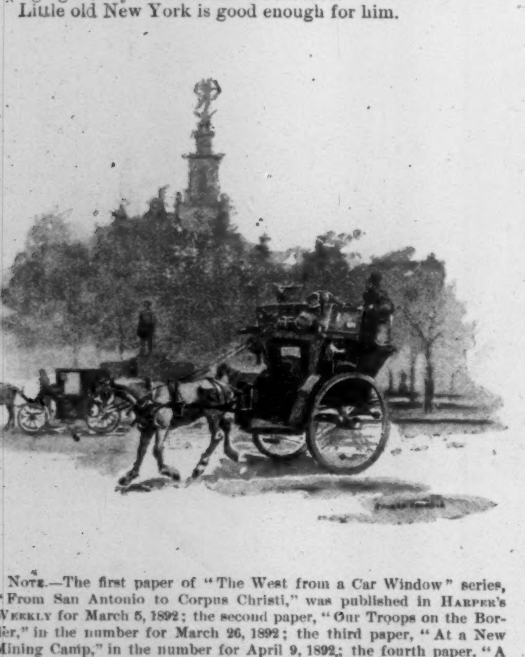
There are a great many things one only remembers to say as the train is drawing out of the station, and which have to be spoken from the car window. And now that my train is so soon to start towards the East, I find there are many things which it seems most ungracious to leave unsaid. I would like to say much of the hospitality of the West. We do not know such hospitality in the East. A man brings us a letter of introduction there, and we put him up at the club we least frequently visit, and regret that he should have come at a time when ours is so particularly crowded with unbreakable engagements. It is not so here. One might imagine the Western man never worked at all, so entirely is his time yours, if you only please to claim it. And from the first few days of my trip to the last this self-effacement of my hosts and eagerness to please accompanied me wherever I went. It was the same in every place, whether in army posts or ranches, or among that most delightful coterie of the Denver Club "who never sleep," or on the border of Mexico, where "Bob" Haines, the Sheriff of Zepata County, Texas, before he knew who I or my soldier escort might be, and while we were still but dust-covered figures in the night, rushed into the house, and ordered a dinner and beds for us, and brought out his last two bottles of beer. The Sheriff of Zepata County, "who can shoot with both hands," need bring no letter of introduction with him if he will deign to visit me when he comes to New York. And as for that Denver Club coterie, they already know that the New York clubs are also supplied with electric buttons.

And now that it is at an end, I find it hard to believe that I am not to hear again the Indian girls laughing over their polo on the prairie, or the regimental band playing the men on to the parade, and that I am not to see the officers' wives watching them from the line at sunset, as the cannon sounds its salute and the flag comes fluttering down. And yet New York is not without its good points.

If any one doubts this let him leave it for three months, and do one-night stands at fourth-rate hotels, or live on alkali water and bacon; let him travel 7000 miles over a country where a real-estate office, a Citizen's Bank, and Quick Order Restaurant, with a few surrounding houses, make, as seen from the car window, a booming city; where beautiful scenery and grand mountains are separated by miles of prairie and chaparral, and where there is no Diana of the Tower or bronze Farragut to greet him daily as he comes back from work through Madison Square. He will then feel a love for New York equal to the Chicagoan's love for *his* city; and when he sees across the New Jersey flats the smoke and the tall buildings and the twin spires of the cathedral, he will wish to shout, as the cowboys do when they "come into town," at being back again in the only place where one can both hear the Tough Girl of the East Side ask for her shoes, and the horn of the Country Club's coach tooting above the roar of the Avenue.

The West is a very wonderful, large, unfinished, and out-of-doors portion of our country, and a most delightful place to *visit*. I would advise every one in the East to visit it, and I hope to revisit it myself. Some of those who go will not only visit it, but will make their homes there, and the course of empire will eventually Westward take its way. But when it does, it will leave one individual behind it clinging closely to the Atlantic seaboard.

Little old New York is good enough for him.



NOTE.—The first paper of "The West from a Car Window" series, "From San Antonio to Corpus Christi," was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 5, 1892; the second paper, "Our Troops on the Border," in the number for March 26, 1892; the third paper, "At a New Mining Camp," in the number for April 9, 1892; the fourth paper, "A Three-Year-Old City," in the number for April 23, 1892; the fifth paper, "Ranch Life in Texas," in the number for April 30, 1892; the sixth paper, "On an Indian Reservation," in the number for May 14, 1892; the seventh paper, "A Civilian at an Army Post," in the number for May 28, 1892.

A TEMPLE DEDICATED TO SURGERY.

THE operating theatre connected with the Roosevelt Hospital of this city is to be the finest structure in the world for surgical operations. With its thousand appliances for comfort, convenience, and cleanliness, it is a veritable palace for hospital surgery. For this beautiful and humane institution New York city is indebted to the late William J. Syms, who died three years ago, bequeathing for its establishment the sum of $350,000. One half of this sum was to be expended in the erection and equipment of the building, and the other half to serve as a permanent endowment. By this provision Mr. Syms made the theatre independent of the fortunes of the hospital. He also established a new precedent, all other great operating theatres being dependent upon the revenues of the hospitals with which they are connected.

As soon as Mr. Syms's bequest was made available the preparation of plans was begun. That they might embrace the best features of the best operating-rooms in Europe, Dr. Charles McBurney, the chief surgeon at the Roosevelt, visited all the large hospitals in England, France, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. He noted the defects and advantages of their operating-rooms; he noted, also, the suggestions for improvements that the surgeons in charge of them made to him. Upon his return plans were drawn up in accordance with his ideas, and in April, 1890, excavation for the theatre was begun. The work has so far progressed that the building will soon be ready for occupation.

The theatre is located on the corner of Ninth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. Beauty of exterior has been sacrificed to utility of interior. So far as it represents any style of architecture, it is Romanesque. But the purity of this style is preserved only in the massive arch of the front entrance. The rest of the building is simplicity itself.

The leading idea of a structure of this kind must, of course, be its fitness for the practical and humane work of surgery; the next is its fitness for contributing to the instruction of students. Both are successfully combined in the great amphitheatre, or operating-room, occupying the centre of the building. The other rooms, with but few exceptions, are only feeders to the amphitheatre. Their location and arrangement have been determined solely by the relative importance of their part in the functions of the institution.

The building has a frontage of 110 feet and a depth of 75. The top of the dome is 64 feet above the level of the street. The amphitheatre itself has a width of 50 feet and depth of 33. The glass and iron ceiling under the dome, to temper the direct rays of the midday sun, is 32 feet from the floor. The arena where the surgeons will do their work is small; it has, in fact, been made as small as possible, being only 12 feet wide and 14 deep. This is for the purpose of bringing the students as near as practicable to the operating-table. That this might be done, and still enough room left for the assistant surgeons and nurses, with the various appliances, the arena has been extended back, and under the great front wall of the amphitheatre. To facilitate still further the observation of the 184 students that the room will accommodate, the angle of the slope where the seats are located has been made unusually sharp, being 50 degrees.

Another important and difficult problem successfully solved is that of adequate light. The arrangement of the amphitheatre is such that part of the light passes obliquely through the sloping sides of the dome and over the students' shoulders to the object of vision. The rest falls perpendicularly through the glass ceiling heretofore mentioned. Only when the surgeon at work passes in front of them is their view obstructed. This arrangement has proved to be a complete success. It permits of an abundance of light even on the cloudiest day.

With all difficulties regarding the arrangement of seats and the admission of light removed, a desirable plan for the rest of the building naturally suggested itself. That the surgical instruments may always be as near at hand as possible, the room containing them connects directly with the arena of the amphitheatre.

For the cleansing of these curiosities in silver, nickel, and steel, special rooms have been set apart. They, too, are located for ease and convenience of access from the amphitheatre. The one in which washing simply is done is adjacent to the instrument-room on the north. Instruments that have not been in contact with tissues in a state of decomposition are only treated to baths of alcohol and other cleansing fluids. But those contaminated with the poison of septic tissues are taken to the next room, known as the sterilizing-room. They are put into what are called sterilizers, and subjected for several hours to a high degree of heat. Thus the germs or poisons from the patients are rendered innocuous, and the danger of contamination is thus removed.

Beyond the sterilizing-room is the bandage-room, where are stored the various kinds of bandages and lint used in operations. These are cut and rolled in what is called the preparatory-room, on the east side of the building. In this room also are made the special appliances for peculiar operations. Next come the microscopical-room and the photographer's room. In one diseased tissues are examined under the microscope. It is often necessary to resort to this instrument to discover the nature of a tumor that has been removed to determine whether it is one that an operation will cure, or whether it is one that will grow again. The work of the photographer is to complete the record of remarkable cases. Patients suffering from some unusual malformation are photographed, and the pictures are pasted in the books containing the histories of every hospital case.

Hardly less important than the rooms for instruments and bandages are the rooms for the surgeons themselves. It is important, too, that one of them at least be easily accessible from the amphitheatre. This one is the surgeons' lavatory. It is provided with Italian marble wash-basins, beautiful plate-glass mirrors, and commodious closets for the operating garments of the surgeons. On the same floor is the chief surgeon's private room. It has an open fireplace, and is attractively furnished. On the floor above in front of the building is the study for the assistant surgeons, which is also fitted up with an eye to taste and comfort.

But before passing finally to the other parts of the building, there are some important rooms on the first floor that still remain to be mentioned. One is the septic operating-room, a small room at the left as the visitor passes into the theatre from the hospital. It is called the septic operating-room because here only will those patients with poisonous wounds or sores be operated upon. They will not be taken into the amphitheatre because of the danger of contaminating the students or the surroundings. It was to keep them out of the building as much as possible that the room for their use was placed next to the hospital. Though this room is small, it is a model. It is amply lighted, and there is space enough for the chief surgeon and his assistants to do their work without discomfort. In the southwest corner of the theatre is the special operating-room for the benefit of patients who object to being operated on before students, and also for those whose condition is so serious as to make a public operation inadvisable and dangerous.

No device has been omitted to repel the invasion of dirt and dust. All the rooms on the first floor, except the chief surgeon's, and all the halls in the building are paved with Roman mosaics. The space under the seats in the amphitheatre is laid in cement. All the floors are provided with traps to drain the water with which they can be flooded at any time.

Special attention also has been given to certain features of the basement. The cement used on the bottom is mixed with felt to absorb moisture. To secure further immunity from dampness, an area several feet wide with a flag bottom has been built all around the theatre, thus insuring plenty of light as well as air. But the air entering the rooms above the basement is drawn from a chimney 34 feet high. To free it from dust it is sifted through a cloth screen. It is then heated around coils of steam-pipes and driven to every part of the theatre by powerful fans, the flow being regulated by registers in the different rooms. Through other registers is drawn the foul air, which is expelled at a safe distance from any door or window.

Finally, the theatre is as near fire-proof as possible, very little wood being used anywhere. The partitions are of iron and brick, and the floors, wood as well as mosaic, are laid on cement.

TRAINING THE COLLIE.

UMBRAGEOUS, wide-topped trees, smooth gray ledges, and a turf of verdant tufty grass are features of the green at Central Park. Pastoral and pleasing to see is the flock of South-Down sheep grazing the green expanse watched by the tall, long-bearded keeper—a genuine shepherd, James Conway, born in County Kay, Ireland—and his faithful dog. Of this flock of eighty-seven choice animals, the forty-seven ewes of two years old and upward permitted to breed produced this year sixty lambs, a sufficiently good showing of profit. But their value to be considered is in the rural charm they impart to the landscape as they pasture upon the green, or, in the afternoon, repose upon the slope beneath the trees' long shadows, while the lambs leap and rollic about them. The shepherd's invaluable assistant Flora, the trained Scotch collie, with shaggy coat marked in black, white, and lemon tints, is a good specimen of that fine canine breed. Forever on the alert, with watchful eyes roving from her master's face to the feeding flock, she does not need the spoken command to dart from his side to hurry forward the laggard sheep or turn back those foremost ones who, eager for fresh grass, are travelling too fast and far.

An odd and pretty sight is the training of a young collie—a spectacle which many visitors to the Park have watched with interest the present season. The novice, Wash, is a full-grown, vigorous, handsome young dog eighteen months old; his educator, Flora, has experience and wisdom gained in her three years of age to give her unquestioned moral ascendency. The two are fastened together at the collars by a strap just long enough to give them full freedom of motion when they run side by side.

The couple of handsome, sagacious animals intently watch their master's expression as, leaning upon his staff, he gazes thoughtfully upon the feeding flock. As they graze, the larger and more vigorous sheep in the front tend, especially early in the day, to outstrip the weaker ones. If near at hand, the flock, at the keeper's loud call, stop and huddle together; but once thoroughly started to going, they advance with great speed, and unless quickly checked, may lead the shepherd a hard chase, and by venturing upon the driveways cause disastrous accidents.

Several times, at signs of too wide scattering among the sheep, the collies eager to dash after them have been called back. At last the word to go is given, and off they bound at top speed, the embodiment of activity and intelligent zeal. Their aim should be the stragglers in the rear, but the impetuous young dog in his excitement would plunge straight at the flock. His trained companion being the smaller of the two, has hard work to keep him in the way he should go, as round the flock they dash, driving the sheep together, then holding them at a standstill until recalled by the shepherd's voice. Anything prettier, brighter, more conscious of duty performed, would be hard to find than the coupled collies bounding side by side back to their master.

Although in the main tractable to his mentor, Wash has the headstrong impulses of puppyhood, and racing at top speed, there occurs not seldom a hard tussle between the two in determining their course; although coupled together only a part of the day, the long, thick hair on the under side of Flora's neck is worn quite away, and the skin often cruelly chafed. These discomforts are cheerfully borne, but her jealousy of the younger dog is intense and unremitting, and any attention bestowed upon him by her master nearly breaks her heart. CLARENCE PULLEN.

CAPT'N DAVY'S HONEY-MOON.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEEMSTER," "THE SHADOW OF A CRIME,"
"SHE'S ALL THE WORLD TO ME," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

WHILE Jenny Crow was doing her easy duty at Castle Mona, Lovibond was engaged in a task of yet more simplicity at Fort Ann. On returning from Laxey he found Captain Davy occupied with Willie Quarrie in preparations for a farewell supper to be given that night to the cronies who had helped him to spend his fortune. These worthies had deserted his company since Lovibond had begun to take all the winnings, including some of their own earlier ones, and hence the necessity to invite them.

"There's ould Billy, the carrier; ask him," Davy was saying, as he lay stretched on the sofa, puffing whorls of gray smoke from a pipe of thick twist. "And then there's Kerruish, the church-warden, and Kewley, the crier, and Hugh Corlett, the blacksmith, and Tommy Tubman, the brewer, and Willie Qualtrough, that keeps the lodging-house contagious, and the fat man that bosses the Sick and Indignant Society, and the long lanky shanks that is the head-piece of the Friendly and Malevolent Association. Got them all down, boy?"

"They're all through-others in my head already, Capt'n," groaned Willie Quarrie, in despair, as he struggled at the table to keep pace with his slow pen to Davy's impetuous tongue.

"Then ask whosomever you plaze, boy," said Davy. "What's it saying in the ould Book? 'Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.' Only it's the back courts and the public-houses this time, and you'll be wanting no grappling-hooks to fetch them. Just whip a whiskey bottle under your arm, and they'll be asking for no other invitation. Reminds me, sir," he added, looking up as Lovibond entered—"reminds me of little Jemmy Quayle's aisy way of fetching poor Hughie Collister from the bottom of Ramsey Harbor. Himself and Hughie were same as brothers, that thick, and they'd been middling hard on the drink together; and one night Hughie, going home to Andreas, tumbled over the bridge by the sandy road, and got hisself washed away and drowned. So the boys fetched grapplings, and went out immadient to drag for the body. But Jemmy took another notion. He rigged up a tremenjous long pole, like your mawther's clothes' prop on washing day, and tied a string to the top of it, and baited the end of the string with an empty bottle of Ould Tom, and then sat hisself down on the end of the jetty, same as a man that's going fishing.

"'Lord-a-massy, Jemmy!' says the boys, looking up out of the boat, 'whatever, in the name of goodness, are you doing there?'

"'They're telling me,' says Jemmy, bobbing the gin bottle up and down constant, flip-a-flop, flip-a-flop atop of the water—'they're telling me,' says he, 'that poor old Hughie is down yonder, and I'm thinking there isn't nothing in the island that 'll fetch him up quicker till this.'"

"But what is going on here, Capt'n?" said Lovibond, with an inclination of his head toward the table, where Willie Quarrie was still laboring with his invitations.

"It's railly wuss till ever, sir," groaned Willie from behind his pen.

"What does it mean?" said Lovibond.

"It means that I'm sailing to-morrow," said Davy.

"Sailing!" cried Lovibond.

"That's so," said Davy. "Back to the ould oven we came from. Pacific steamer laves Liverpool by the afternoon tide, and we'll catch her aisy if we take the *Sneafell* in the morning. Fixed a couple of berths by telegraph, and paid through Dumbell's. Only ninety pounds the two—for'ard passage—but nearly claned out at that. What's the odds, though? Enough left to give the boys a blow-out to-night, and then, heigho! stone broke, cut your stick and get out of it."

"A couple of berths? Did you say two?" said Lovibond.

"I'm taking Willie along with me," said Davy; "and he's that joyful at the thought of it that you can't get a word out of him for hallelujahs."

Willie's joy expressed itself at that moment in a moan, as he rose from the table with a woe-begone countenance, and went out on his errand of invitation.

"But you'll stay on," said Davy. "Eh?"

"No," said Lovibond, in a melancholy voice.

"Why not, then?" said Davy.

Lovibond did not answer at once, and Davy heaved up to a sitting posture that he might look into his face.

"Why, man; what's this—what's this?" said Davy. "You're looking as down as ould Kinvig at the camp-meeting, when the preacher afore him had used up all his tex'es. What's going doing?"

Lovibond settled himself on the sofa beside Davy, and drew a deep breath. "I've seen her again, Capt'n," he said, solemnly.

"The sweet little lily in the church, sir?" said Davy.

"Yes," said Lovibond; and after another deep breath, "I've spoken to her."

"Out with it, sir—out with it," said Davy; and then, putting one hand on Lovibond's knee caressingly, "I've seen trouble in my time, mate; you may trust me—go on. What is it?"

"She's married," said Lovibond.

Davy gave a prolonged whistle. "That's bad," he said. "I'm symperthising with you. You've been fishing with another man's floats and losing your labor. I'm feeling for you. 'Deed I am."

"It's not myself I'm thinking of," said Lovibond. "It's that angel of a woman. She's not only married, but married to a brute."

"That's wuss still," said Davy.

"And not only married to a brute," said Lovibond, "but parted from him."

Davy gave a yet longer whistle. "Oho! oho! A quarrel, is it?" he cried. "Husband and wife, eh? Aw, take care, sir; take care. Women is cute. Extraordinary wayses they've at them of touching a man up under the watch-pocket of the weskit till you'd never think nothing but they're angels fresh down from heaven, and you could work at the docks to keep them; but maybe cunning as Ould Harry all the time, and playing the divil with some poor man. It's me for knowing them. Husband and wife? That 'll do, that 'll do. Lave them alone, mate; lave them alone."

"Ah, the sweet creature has had a terrible time of it!" said Lovibond, lying back and looking up at the ceiling.

"I lave it with you," said Davy, charging his pipe afresh as a signal of his neutrality.

"He must have led her a fearful life," continued Lovibond.

Davy lit up, and puffed vigorously.

"It would appear," said Lovibond, "that though she is so like a lady, she is entirely dependent upon her husband."

"Well, well," said Davy, between puff and puff.

"He didn't forget that either, for he seems to have taunted her with her poverty."

A growl, like an oath half smothered by smoke, came from Davy.

"Indeed, that was the cause of quarrel."

"She did well to lave him," said Davy, watching the coils of his smoke going upward.

"Nay; it was he who left her."

"The villain!" said Davy. But after Davy had delivered himself so, there was nothing to be heard for the next ten seconds but the sucking of lips over the pipe.

"And now," said Lovibond, "she cannot stir out of doors but she finds herself the gossip of the island, and the gaze of every passer-by."

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Davy.

"He must be a low, vulgar fellow," said Lovibond; "and yet—would you believe it?—she wouldn't hear a word against him."

"The sweet woman!" said Davy.

"It's my firm belief that she loves the fellow still," said Lovibond.

"I wouldn't trust," said Davy. "That's the ways of women, sir; I've seen it myself. Aw, women is quare, sir, wonderful quare."

"And yet," said Lovibond, "while she is sitting pining to death in-doors, he is enjoying himself night and day with his coarse companions."

Davy put up his pipe on the mantel-piece. "Now the man that does the like of that is a scoundrel," he said, warmly.

"I agree with you, Capt'n," said Lovibond.

"He's a brute!" said Davy, more loudly.

"Of course, we've only heard one side of the story," said Lovibond.

"No matter; he's a brute and a scoundrel," said Davy. "Don't you hould with me there, mate?"

"I do," said Lovibond. "But still—who knows? She may—I say she may—be one of those women who want their own way."

"All women wants it," said Davy. "It's mawther's milk to them—Mawther Eve's milk, as you might say."

"True, true," said Lovibond. "But though she looks so sweet, she may have a temper."

"And what for shouldn't she?" said Davy. "D'ye think God A'mighty meant it all for the men?"

"Perhaps," said Lovibond, "she turned up her nose at his coarse ways and rough comrades."

"And right, too," said Davy. "Let him keep his dirty trousses to hisself. Who is he?"

"She didn't tell me that," said Lovibond.

"Whoever he is, he's a wastral," said Davy.

"I'm afraid you're right, Capt'n," said Lovibond.

"Woman is priv'leged where money goes," said Davy. "If they haven't got it by heirship, they can't make it by industry, and to accuse them of being without it is taking a mane advantage. It's hitting below the belt, sir. Accuse a man if you like—ten to one he's lazy—but a woman—never, sir, never, never!"

Davy was tramping the room by this time, and making it ring with the voice as of a lion, and the foot as of an elephant.

"More till that, sir," he said. "A good girl with nothing at her who takes a bad man with a million cries tally with the craythur the day she marries him. What has he brought her? His dirty, mucky, measly money, come from the Lord knows where. What has *she* brought him? Herself, and everything she is and will be, stand or fall, sink or swim, blow high, blow low, to sail by his side till they cast anchor together at last. Don't you hould with me there, sir?"

"I do, Capt'n, I do," said Lovibond.

"And the ruch man that goes bearing up alongside a girl that's sweet and honest, and then twitting her with being poorer till hisself, is a dirt and divil, and ought to be walloped out of the company of dacent men."

"But, Capt'n," said Lovibond, falteringly—"Capt'n—"

"What?"

"Wasn't Mrs. Quiggin a poor girl when you married her?"

At that word Davy looked like a man newly awakened from a trance. His voice, which had rung out like a horn, seemed to wheeze back like a whistle; his eyes, which had begun to blaze, took a fixed and stupid look; his lips parted; his head dropped forward; his chest fell inward; and his big shoulders seemed to shrink. He looked about him vacantly, put one hand up to his forehead, and said, in a broken underbreath: "Lord-a-massy! What am I doing? What am I saying?"

The painful moment was broken by the arrival of the first of the guests. It was Kerruish, the church-warden, a very secular person, deep in the dumps over a horse which he had bought at Castletown fair the week before (with money cheated out of Davy), and lost by an attack of the worms that morning. "Butts in the stomach, sir," he moaned. "They're bad, sir, aw, they're bad."

"Nothing wuss," said Davy. "I know them. Ate all the goodness out of you, and lave you without bowels. Men has them as well as horses, only we call them friends instead."

The other guests arrived one by one—the blacksmith, the crier, the brewer, the lodging-house keeper, and the two secretaries of the charitable societies (whose names were "spells" too big for Davy), and the keeper of a home for lost dogs. They were a various and motley company of the riffraff and ragabash of the island—young and elderly, silent and glib—rough as a pig-skin, and smooth as their sleeves at the elbow, with just one feature common to the whole pack of pickthanks, and that was a look of shallow cunning.

Davy received them with noisy welcomes and equal cheer, but he had the measure of every man of them all, down to the bottom of their fob pockets. The cloth was laid, the supper was served, and down they sat at the table.

"Anywhere, anywhere!" cried Davy, as they took their places. "The mate is the same at every seat."

"Ay, ay," they laughed, and then fell to without ceremony.

"Only wait till I've done the carving, and we'll all start fair," said Davy.

"Coorse, coorse," they answered, from mouths half full already.

"That's what Kinvig said when he was cutting up his sermon into firstly, secondly, thirdly, and fourteenthly."

"Ha, ha! Kinvig! I'd drink the ould man's health if I had anything," cried the blacksmith, with a wink at his opposite neighbor.

"No liquor?" said Davy, looking up to sharpen the carving-knife on the steel. "Am I laving you dry, like herrings in the hould?"

"Season us, Capt'n," cried the blacksmith, amid general laughter from the rest.

"Aw, lave you alone for that," said Davy. "If you're like myself you're in pickle enough already."

Then there were more winks and louder laughter.

"Mate!" shouted Davy over his shoulder to the waiter behind him, "a gallon to every gentleman."

"Ay, ay," from all sides of the table, in various tones of satisfaction.

"Yes, sir; of course, sir; beg pardon, sir; here, sir," said the waiter.

"Boys, healths apiece!" cried Davy.

"Healths apiece, Capt'n," answered numerous thick voices; and up leapt a line of yellow glasses.

"Ate, drink; there's plenty, boys—there's plenty," said Davy.

"Aw, plenty, Capt'n, plenty."

"Come again, boys, come again," said Davy from time to time. "But clane plates—aw, clane plates. I hould with being nice at your males for all, and no pigging."

Thus the supper went on for an hour, and then Davy, by way of grace, said, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise His holy name."

"A 'propriate tex', too," said the church-warden. "Aw, it's wonderful the Scriptural the Capt'n's getting when he's a bit crooked," he whispered behind the back of his hand.

After that, Davy stretched back in his chair, and cried: "Your pipes in your faces, boys. Smook up, smook up. Chimleys everywhere, same as Douglas at breakfast-time."

For Davy's sake, Lovibond had sat at table with the guests, though their voracity had almost turned his stomach. At sight of the green light of greed in their eyes he had said to himself: "Davy is a rough fellow, but a born Christian. These creatures are hogs. Why doesn't his gorge rise at them?" When the supper was done, and while the cloth was being removed, amid the clatter of dishes and the striking of lights, Lovibond rose and slipped out of the room.

Davy saw him go, and from that moment he became constrained and silent. Sucking at his pipe and devoting himself steadily to the drink, he answered in "hum's" and "ha's" and "that 'll do's" to the questions put to him, and his laughter came out of him at intervals in jumps and jerks, like water from the neck of a bottle.

"What's agate of the Capt'n?" the men whispered. "He's quiet to-night—quite uncommon."

After a while Davy heaved up and followed Lovibond. He found him walking to and fro in the soft turf outside the window. The night was calm and beautiful. In the sky a sea of stars and a great full moon, on the land a line of gas jets, and on the dark bay a point here and there of rolling light. No sound but the distant hum of traffic in the town, the inarticulate shout of a sailor on one of the ships outside, and the rock-row rock-row of the oars in the rollocks of some unseen boat gliding into the harbor below.

Davy drew a long breath. "So you think," said he, "that the sweet woman in the church is loving her husband in spite of all?"

"Fear she is, poor fool!" said Lovibond.

"Bless her!" said Davy, beneath his breath. "D'ye think, now," said he, "that all women are like that?"

"Many are—too many," said Lovibond.

"Equal to forgiving and forgetting, eh?" said Davy.

"Yes—the sweet simpletons—and taking the men back as well," said Lovibond.

"Extraordinary!" said Davy. "Aw, matey, matey, men's only muck where women comes. Women is reg'lar eighteen-carat goold. It's me to know it too. There was the mawther herself, now. My father was a bit of a rip—God forgive his son for saying it!—and once he went trapsing after a girl and got her into trouble. An imperent young hussy anyway, but no matter. Coorse the mawther wouldn't have no truck with her; but one day she died sudden, and then the child hadn't nobody but the neighbors to look to it. 'Go for it, Davy,' says the mawther to me. It was evening, middling late after the herrings, and when I got to the kitchen windey there was the little one atop of the bed in her night-dress saying her bits of prayers: 'God bless mawther, and everybody,' and all to that. She couldn't get out of the 'mawther' yet, being always used to it, and there never was no father in her little tex'es. Poor thing! she come along with me, bless you! like a lammie that you'd pick out of the snow. Just hitched her hands round my neck and fell asleep in my arms going back, with her putty face looking up at the stars same as an angel's—soft and woolly to your lips like milk straight from the cow, and her little body smelling sweet and damp, same as the breath of a calf. And when the mawther saw me, she smoothed her brat and dried her hands, and catched at the little one, and chuckled over her, and clucked at her and kissed her, with her own face slushed like rain, till yer'd have thought nothing but it was one of her own that had been lost and was found agen. Aw, women for your life, mate, for forgiveness."

Lovibond did not speak, and Davy began to laugh in a husky voice.

"Bless me! the talk a man will put out when he's a bit over the rope and thinking of ould times," he said. "Sign that I'm thirsty," he added, and then walked towards the window. "But the father could never forgive hisself," he said, as he was stepping through, "and if I done wrong to a woman, neither could I. I've that much of the ould man in me anyway."

When he got back to the room, the air was dense with tobacco smoke, and his guests were shouting for his company. "Capt'n Davy!" "Where's Capt'n Davy?" "Aw, here's the man himself." "Been studying the stars, Capt'n?" "Well, that's a bit of navigation." "Navigation by starlight. I know the sort. Navigating up alongside a pretty girl, eh, Capt'n?"

There were rough jokes and strange stories and more liquor and loud laughter, and for a time Davy took his part in everything. But after a while he grew quiet again and absent in manner, and he glanced up at intervals in the direction of the window. A new thought had come to him. It made the sweat to break out at the top of his forehead; and then he heard no more of the clatter around him than the rum-humdrum as of a train in a tunnel, pierced sometimes by the shrill scream as of an occasional whistle. Presently he rolled up again, and went out once more to Lovibond.

The thought that had seized him was agony, and he could not broach it at once. So he beat about it for a moment, and then came down on it with a crash.

"Sitting alone, is she, poor thing?" he said.

"Alone," said Lovibond.

"I know, I know," said Davy. "Like a bird on a bough calling mournful for her mate; but he's gone; he's down—maybe worse—but lost anyway. Yet, if he should ever come back now—eh?"

"He'll have to be quick, then," said Lovibond, "for she intends to go home to her people soon."

"Did you say she was for going home?" said Davy, eagerly. "Home where—where to—to England?"

"No," said Lovibond. "Haven't I told you she's a Manx woman?"

"A Manx woman, is she?" said Davy. "What's her name?"

"I didn't ask her that," said Lovibond.

"Then where's her home?" said Davy.

"I forget the name of the place," said Lovibond. "Balla something."

"Is it—is it"—Davy was speaking very thickly—"is it Ballaugh, sir?"

"That's it," said Lovibond. "And her father's farm—I heard the name of the farm as well—Balla—Balla something else. Oh, Ballavalley."

"Ballavolley?" said Davy.

"Exactly," said Lovibond.

Davy breathed heavily, swayed slightly, and rolled against Lovibond as they walked side by side.

"Then you know the place, Capt'n," said Lovibond.

Davy laughed noisily. "Ay, I know it," he said.

"And the girl's father too, I suppose?" said Lovibond.

Davy laughed bitterly. "Ay, and the girl's father too," he said.

"And the girl herself, perhaps?" said Lovibond.

Davy laughed almost fiercely. "Ay, and the girl herself," he said.

Lovibond did not spare him. "Then," said he, in an innocent way, "you must know her husband also?"

Davy laughed wildly. "I wouldn't trust," he said.